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AND POEMS

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A Tragedy of the Christ

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"A Love-Life of the Lord"

"Jesus of Nazareth and Mary of Bethany"

"God Is" and a Treatise on "Finite Conciousness"

POEMS

Mental Metempsychosis and Other Poems

FRANCIS WARREN JACOBS

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Dedication

Dedicated by the Author to his
daughter Irene Jacobs
F. W. Jacobs

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PREFACE

I HAVE, after careful study, been unable to discover a certain or definite doctrine pervading the literature of my time. Pretention? Yes—but substance? No.

No new matter concerning the Christ has been offered. The story of the Magdalene and Jesus, by Maeterlinck, is old. And it is not engaging the more because, in the woof is sewn the story of a supposed Roman method of love. "The Tale of the Christ," by Wallace, is so contradictory of modern verified sense of nature, that had the time anything better, it would lose vogue, The acting history of the "Passion Play" of Oberammergau is no better than burlesque. I therefore offer that which has not heretofore been uncovered. From the shadows of the past I bring a tragedy of the Christ that is entirely unknown to literature. I herein present for the first time the true story of Jesus and Mary of Bethany—the Mary who was the earth friend of Christ. I affirm that all the stories heretofore concerning the "Master-Man" in relation to a Mary have

been wrong. The Mary is of Bethany and not the Mary of Magdala.

I also give that which has not been offered before as proof of the knowability of the Infinite in "GOD IS" with a small treatise on consciousness.

The Poems here published are the embodiment of doctrine. And I attempt to ignore criticism. For the very reason that canons of criticism are grown from Masters in the art. If criticism is to prevail over just effort to advance, Farewell Poetry. In the past a few with sense of melody held the key to fame. Not so now. Poetry is expressed in an artificial language and belongs to no special classification of subjects; nor to a line of given stanzas.

"The Apostate" is offered as an exposition of the IDEA that a man or men can not effect the death of GOD: and that out of Divine Providence those persons involved can not be supposed to be criminals.

"The Indian in Court" is but a farther contention for the inner Urge in its supremacy; that less error is liable to occur following natural methods and rules as little effected by ancient creeds that arose out

of conditions widely removed from any possible assumption of this time.

At last it will be discovered that the Author would not have the influence of the west perish.

With the very best of company I now introduce you.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

THE human race being both a Genus and a Specie, if a greater power than the race were to invade it with a variation, that act would not be a miracle, but a violence and an outrage.

Celibacy was not a law nor a respected rule in Judea in the time of Christ. The priests were men of families; they had to be heads of families to become members of the Sanhedrim.

Christ was not born a priest. He had a putative father. Therefore had no right to officiate in the temple.

His associates were, of course, as always the case, those of the same lowly character.

The great man, however, in a sphere—a scope, fences man today. The dead hands of the past hold us back from a sensible invasion of the past. The future frowns on us as we would go forward.

So I find it necessary, that I a stranger to the world

of letters should write a small book of questionings concerning an old story—a story that has much to do with the life of today.

The little book is named "Jesus and Mary."

CONTENTS.

"The man and the woman—"
"Outcasts of the civil law—"
"Debased by the Sanhedrim—"
"Love life the life of them—"
"And ye shall know the truth—"
"She hath done what she could—"
"Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, also that 'she hath done' shall be spoken of as a memorial of her."

That the prophesy shall not perish on his human lips, I am become the Mans' Evangelist. Because Mary of Bethany stands fronting the world today with blood from the feet of the Christ on her lips.

THE AUTHOR,

F. W. JACOBS,

December, A. D. 1909. Sapulpa, Oklahoma, U. S. A.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE MEETING.

IT was sundown of a summer day near two thousand years ago in the land of the Jews, in a small village called Nain (beauty) at the house of a a Pharisee when a woman, who was a sinner, called Mary, met a man called Jesus, since called The Lord.

This woman was a Jewess. She had not lived as most Jew women lived; she was about twenty years old and was already a sinner. That means she was not a woman of a family but was a woman of the city, a public character.

Mary was a visitor of Capernaum and Nain. It was at Capernaum that she first saw the master man. Like all of her kind, Mary was impulsive and warm hearted. She was very beautiful; of dark complexion with large brown eyes in whose depths was the mystery of Israel; her hair, a midnight flown with storm; and cheeks white as the pale moonlight that fell on her silver sandals as she walked at night the streets of the city; a form of eastern training; a lure of loveliness. Sin

had not yet abused her features. Her red lips were full of tears and life; passionate and glorious in her physical health. Such was Mary whose home was in Bethany in Judea.

At this home lived an elder sister, Martha, and a brother called Lazarus. Here, when tired of tramping the streets of the cities, asking ill of man, Mary would rest. Being the fairest woman of the surrounding country, she was very successful in her way with men. They liked Mary and permitted her to go about the streets of the cities at all times of day and night, a privilege given to no others. She always had money and was a spendthrift. Nothing she desired was beyond her power to obtain. She was the best dressed woman to be seen at the public gatherings. She wore white sandals and a white robe laced about her lithe body and hung in folds around her supple limbs, parting at the knee, adorned with trinkets in which were hidden bells; about her ankles she wore rings of beaten gold; her wrists and fingers blazed, set about with gems of precious stones; fallen in chaos of glory, her glossy hair in-woven with purple silk, the irridescent life of worms, crowned ample shoulders fair as dreams and dimpled by the unseen touch of feminine desire. But

her first and most engrossing charms were her eyes. Here looked out a wounded spirit, a spirit mad with defeated desire. The doors of society were closed to her and all respected ways of living were buried in her youthful dreams, but she longed for escape. She longed for love that was pure. Her weary head ached for a resting place where loyal living loomed to the maids of Israel, a perfect heaven. With no excuse for hypocrisy, she had nothing to do but simply be natural.

With watchful eyes for times when the cities would be thronged, Mary noticed a movement of many toward Capernaum, and as was her custom on such occasions, she prepared herself in all her apparel and appeared on the streets, a very enticing figure she was. About her men gathered laughing and joking with the beautiful girl from Bethany. None were rude to her. That would not have been tolerated, but as those dark-haired men fondled her and gave her many a chuck under the chin, Mary became tired of it and only followed her trade because she knew of nothing else to do. So tired was she of the ways of men that she had not asked the cause of so many people gathered in the city. It simply meant to her one more crowd of men and one more opportunity to delight herself in dress and hear the dis-

gusting pet phrases of the leering. A young Greek led her farther from the street to a covert and a sitting place. Here this Gentile was telling Mary of the glory of the women of his country, how liberal they were of their affections, that beauty was the glory of the Greek form; that eyes as blue as the sky were loved by men of his great city; that he liked dark eyes like she had; that her lips full of unspent passion appealed to him and he pressed her cheeks to his fevered face, pulled her glorious hair about his neck, then kissed her. They were going to a house that Mary kept and as they stepped out of the hiding, a crowd of jeering fellows came up where they stood, talking about a crowd farther down the street, and of the manner of one who was talking a strange doctrine.

The young Greek wanted to go with Mary to the house, but Mary when she heard of a peculiar man in the city wanted to see him and had her way about it. Hand in hand they walked down the street to where a number of men were listening to a man seemingly not a Hebrew, yet he was speaking in that tongue. The stars and moon shone brightly overhead. The pale light fell on the speaker's face revealing a countenance at once striking in peculiar beauty; a face that

at once fascinated Mary. She left the Greek and at once pushed into the crowd up near the speaker's side. Up to this time she had not been able to hear what he said, but now he was speaking louder and seemingly getting more in earnest. He was saying: "And as ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise." "Judge not and ye shall not be judged." "Condemn not and ye shall not be condemned." "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven." "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over shall men give into your bosom." Such words she had never heard before. How sweet were the charm of the words as they reached her ears. She wondered if those words could be only for the rich and the people of the temple, the priests, and all who could buy an offering. Then he said, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Then Mary knew that the words were for her, for only that day more than one priest had said out of his eyes to her that he was a sinner, if what the speaker said was true. Again she heard him say, "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." At this a great noise was made; the men laughed loudly at such

doctrine. The poor claiming the kingdom of God? Such a thing was not to be heard by reasonable folk and, jeering the speaker, the crowd dispersed. Mary spoke to the stranger but he paid no heed to her, as she thought he seemed to know her desire with him.

Soon Mary was alone on the streets, only the watchman hailed her. Once she wondered where the Greek had gone but she sought no one, her heart had found company. At last in her life had come a message pleasing to her; it was not like the labored readings of the priests she used to hear in the temple. The lights of the sky shone around her and all seemed fair to look upon. "That man should give full measure into her bosom and that the poor shall have the kingdom of God," made the whole city seem differently than she had noticed it before. Through the night she wandered about, when the light of the stars went out and the dew fell on her hair she took no notice of these. The beaten gold on her knees and purple in her hair and the rings that had the little bells to them, shown in the sun that crept down the sides of the walls of the city, but somehow now, Mary was not so careful of them. She sought the place where the stranger had stood and saw him come out of a publican's house.

She wondered in her heart if he had slept there. Anyway she followed after him for she had nothing else to do. He was going out to Nain and here Mary had friends. This village was one of her regular places of resort.

Many times through the day Mary tried to talk to the strange man but he was too busy, but not too busy to take notice of the woman and to note her beauty; her rich young life; above all, her intense young spirit. How good she was in all her womanly loveliness and good to look upon; a marvel of her sex. He, of course, knew from her apparel that she was in the eyes of the people, a jeweled woman of the city, an harlot, but this indifference could not be laid to this cause for he was addressing such women on the way. Mary noticed this, and was not slow to reach the conclusion that this man had singled her out from the other women of her sort, because she had more than they of raiment and gold. She could not give up, and every time she could, made effort to hold conversation with him or with those who were with him, for a ragged lot followed after. Some on very friendly terms as it seemed to Mary. At every village the man would preach. She would get as close as she could for the crowds, and drink in his wonder-

ful words. It was near sundown before they reached Nain. The man did not go at once into the village but turned aside to camp for supper. Mary was not so bold as she had been. Something within her seemed to tell her that this man was so different from others; that he was a master man; one not to be ensnared by the ways of the people about him, so she left him and his party and went into the village for her house was prepared for her coming.

After supper, as was the habit of that people when something of question was to be spoken, the folk gathered on the streets. They had not long to wait. Soon the looked-for evangelist appeared. About this time he was thirty years old; he was not as other Hebrews with dark hair and eyes; his eyes were as azure as the Judean skies; his hair was auburn, his beard as soft, and gentle was his countenance. A beautiful man to behold and lovely to women's eyes. He dressed very plainly, so that one could very easily tell the class to which he belonged. Sincerity marked lines on his honest face. One thing about him that every one noticed was the look of his eyes. He looked straight into the faces of the people and made no difference of any one to whom he paid address. On this occasion he was

dressed as a fisherman. A loose, rough garment that fastened on the shoulder with a cord at the waist, laced together in front at the knees, was, with the exception of poor sandals, what he wore. He had no covering for his head and his arms were bare. His hair parted in the middle, hung far down his back and curled. His features were regular but his forehead was high. It was easily discernible that he was intense; that he was of poetic temperament. He was of medium stature, yet he seemed to be very strong. There was that about him to be found in no other man; he was plainly an individual and alive within himself.

All this day the man had been preaching the "inner doctrine," the doctrine of "spiritual dominance of self," and looking far beyond the old covenant of his people, had seen the world lacking of that individual expression necessary to give character and dignity to the children of Jehovah, had preached a new sermon to the world. He demanded the exaltation of the poor; he had gone even farther than this: He had condemned the rich and those in authority. It was so hard to get the poor to love and think well of themselves; to think of the equality of man because all have one Father, that it wearied him. He saw men in the like-

ness of God and his spiritual offspring cower before their kind and cowardly submit to abuse; yea, willingly submit to distinctions those in authority made. He heard those who so abused the very God they pretended to represent, slander that God's kind on earth. He saw the priests look down on the lowly and the toiling ones. It made the sweat of the carpenter shop stand out on his face; for he had in former years worked at a trade. Now here was gathered about him a people that needed him, yet they would scoff his message for them.

It was in the spirit that such an experience would engender in one of us, that he stood up to speak. Almost at the beginning he told the people standing by him there in the moonlight on the narrow walks and leaning against the rude houses, "But Pharisees and Lawyers rejected the counsel of God." These were the highest in authority; in doctrine, in honor. His boldness won some of the people over to him. Then he spake of himself saying, "The Son of man is come eating and drinking; and ye say behold! a gluttonous man, and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." "But wisdom is justified of all her children."

Mary had been watching him from the beginning of

his speech. A strange light shone in her eyes. New thoughts were making fast a new world for her. No longer did the temple seem so grand nor its worship necessary. Out under the stars and the beautiful calm canopy with this man was the way to the heart of life, abundant life of life. Her heart was full of him. So completely did his presence inhabit her that she ran away from him, let loose her hair and rent her robes while she danced a wild dance that she learned from an Egyptian girl in the city. A friend found her thus and the spirit of the new life was in them both and there under the great high sky thick with the light they danced a new dance in a new life for they both loved the man. When these women came back to the streets the crowd was dispersed and they separated.

Mary always carried a box of ointment of sweet perfume, that she would be a sweet savor to those whom she should approach. In an ivory box of rare make she had on this night a supply of spiknard, a kind much prized by the Hebrew women. With this box in her hand she approached the man as he sat at supper in a Pharisee house. Mary had no welcome in that house. Well she knew it, but was not the man there who preached that all were his friends. She could not

speak in the house; the women of the home were there and custom forbade, but her spirit was wild with love of a kind she had never felt before. So she stood behind the man and broke the box of spiknard on his head and feet. As she did this a wave of love swept her beyond control and she wept on his hair and her tears ran down on his feet, then her warm red lips kissed them. About his limbs she flung the wealth of her midnight hair; then she knelt before the man with bowed head, waiting for some word from him, but he spake not. When she sprang up before him and moved in her rhymthic motion, musically repeating Israel's song of girlhood love: "My beloved is mine and I am his, he feedeth among the lillies. The watchman that go about found me to whom I said, 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?' It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth; I held him and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house and into the chamber of her that conceived me." Then the man stood up and put his finger on her lips, saying, "Peace, Peace."

Some present reproved the woman and the man for permitting such lavish of expense and affection by the

girl, but the man stoutly defended her and said, "Let her alone. She hath done a good deed on me." Then turning to Mary, Jesus said, "Go in peace." And she understood and went out and stood by the door and waited until the man, she now knew, came out to her.

She was not in waiting long when the Lord joined her and together they went out of the city to the hills. There sitting down they recited two sad stories, of living poor in caste and at home, but when he fully knew that this woman gave him all her soul, rich with love, he told her that "he would never forsake her nor leave her alone."

And there on the side of the hill with the moon and stars pouring over them the light of night, Mary confessed her love for him and parted away from him apace, let loose her hair, and with her sandals removed, holding her gown closely about her limbs and her bosom bare, on which the light of the stars fell, with all the little bells, and her beaten gold tinkling, just touching her toes to the ground, Mary danced for the Lord—danced and swayed—like the tops of the cedars of Lebanon. Swayed and waved in her wondrous emotions. Now she held her right hand over her head;

then bowed as in obeisance; forward and backward she gyrated until she fell at the feet of the man who found her a sinner and filled her with love, woman's justification. Tenderly Jesus spake to Mary of his purposes and the world's great need of him. As they stood up to go back to the village he laid his hand on her hair and said, "If any come unto me and hate not his father and mother and brethren and sisters and wife and children, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." And she answered him, "I love thee; I love thee beyond all things, my Lord." And they knew each other; that owning nothing of the world they yet had all things and were happy.

Mary told the Lord of her little home at Bethany and together in the midnight they started to go home. A walk in the night from Nain toward Bethany, "The man and the woman"; he with a kingdom not of this world, in his life; she with the Master Man in her heart, the silver of heaven falling on their feet as they moved onward, she to make known the man to Martha and Lazarus; he to find his earth home and friends. Glorious was this walk in the night. The place of their feet is the path of the world's gospel to men and women even now.

CHAPTER TWO.

AT BETHANY.

BETHANY was a small village near to Jerusalem on the slope of Mount Olivet and close to Bethpage and Gethsemane, hidden among olive orchards. So close to the city it was that only the very poor lived there. In this village Martha and Lazarus kept a house; one of the rude huts. But the house was really the property of Mary. At least she ruled it when there

Inside the house things looked very different. The things that appealed to Mary's learned tastes were in evidence. Presents that the Egyptian girl had given her and fancy work picked up in the different cities, but in profusion with the other ornaments were cultivated lilies about the place. Little foxes played around the yard and birds sang a full song in the trees. The house stood apart from the other ones. So it was a quiet retreat.

To this place of seclusion and rest, Mary came with the Lord from Nain across the plain. They arrived

late in the evening. It may be guessed that no little surprise was created among the people of the village. The folk gazed at Christ and wondered who such an one could be that would be so attentive in a serious fashion to Mary. Martha liked the Lord on sight and the Master looked on Martha and loved her, for her sister's sake. Lazarus was not at home when they first came. But when he did see the man he too was taken with him. So kindly was the Lord treated, that he at once became one of them. It would be hard to imagine a more congenial family than these people made. Martha did the work while Lazarus looked out for the provision. Mary did little else than wait on the Lord. Oft Martha complained of this but it did her no good for the man always defended the younger sister. Thus Mary had her own way, and sitting at the feet of Jesus they learned each other.

From Bethany, Christ and Mary looked out on a world of need. Both knew what it meant to be outcasts of society. Both had felt the sting of religious rebuke. Both had felt want. Both were great in mind; were geniuses and no power could stop their mighty enthusiasm. Both had the same faith. But one object in life moved them; in one common suffering they were

one: A single God was their God, Infinite, personal and kind to help. This God demanded service and they would serve. The Lord was the master and Mary would minister to his wants. Mary knew but little of the doctrines of the writings of the temple service. What she did know was, that none of it all was for the poor and sinners such as she had been. She was not in any way given to the headstrong love of her people as were most of the women of the village, because one of her best friends was an Egyptian, a girl of great beauty, a Jeweled one of the city. The temple was simply to her the place where the priests took tithes and burned meats the while chanting psalms they did not mean. The Lord had no trouble with her about the law and the prophets, and he cared no great consideration for them himself for they were of little force for good to the people who needed to know of God.

Thus prepared they gave themselves up to each other. Jesus talked and Mary sat at his feet and listened to his words. Whatever she was to know of religion and God it would come to her from the Lord. Whatever the Lord was to teach after this, all of it was colored by his stay at Bethany and his life with Mary. Their habits at Bethany were very simple. Mary would wa-

ter the lilies and put the ornaments in order while Jesus and her brother talked till the time came for Lazarus to go about his labor, then she would take the man by the hand and together they spent the day in the olive orchards walking the paths at Bethpage and along the brook Kidron. The trees were always full of birds. Mary was fond of them for they had been her sweetest companions. The foxes ran before them over the sandal walks. Here on an eminence where the city could be seen, oft they would sit and commune with the surroundings. It was on this place that Christ stood to preach his first sermon to the people of the village. After which he was no longer idle for the people gathered around him always anxious to hear of his sayings to them. So Mary had to go in his ministry to be with him.

It now became the habit of the Lord to go from Bethany to the other places near, and return at evening. Mary would accompany him as far as she could, for the crowds that came out to hear him about this time were large. About this time, too, the Lord became more of a mystery to Mary. He no longer spoke as one teaching, but as one having authority. He spoke of God as the father of all men and even called men,

gods, saying that David the King so wrote in the psalms. He spoke of Devils and on one occasion she took Mary Magdalene, her friend who had danced on the sand with her at Nain, to him, he bade the devils depart from her and they obeyed him so that Magdalene was sick no more of her evils. During this time he had spoken to the Pharisees in such terms as to make them flame with hate. The Scribes and lawyers also he called hypocrits. He openly accused the lawyers of "taking away the key of knowledge." So strongly did he urge his way among men that none dared argue against him.

But as his ministry grew in proportion the Priests became alarmed and already Mary heard threats against the man. She told him of these dangers, but that only seemed to encourage him all the more. "You do not understand, Mary," he said to her on one of their walks home. "Then tell me," she asked him. They came to their rock where they had spent their first home coming and sitting there, Christ said to her, "God is a spirit and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth," "not in Jerusalem nor on the mountains, but everywhere that man will come to God, there shall he be accepted of God." "The devils obey

me and depart from among men at my approach because I am the Son of God." Mary could not understand these deep sayings, but treasured them in her heart.

Many men came to join the Lord now and they often kept him late in conversation. When he did come to Mary he always came with the tender solicitude for her that he showed at first. With many careful speeches he tried to have her understand the kingdom of Heaven. He tried to tell her that the spirit is absolute; that it is the real person and has forever life before it, that it can never go to nothing; that all men and women are spirits, the children of God; that the bodies of those we see perish from the spirits is death; that he came from the spirit world, so had she. But she could not understand that the form and face she so loved was not the man, but that a hidden man was the Lord. When he told her that love was of the spirit and not of the lips, it was a hard saying for a woman to believe. And when he said all power came from God and that God was love; that even he the Lord was not good, none good but this God, Mary gave it up.

She would have left him but the earnestness of the man compelled her to follow him. How hard was the

lot of them. Days and days they would scarcely have rest. They were glad when Judas would buy some little fare for their evening meal. Often they would sleep on the bare earth. To lie down on the naked ground, hungry and sore of feet, with nothing but memories of threats and scoffings, jeerings and cursings. This was the lot of Mary with the Lord about this time. Yet as the Egyptians were said to read the meaning of their Gods of the stars, Mary was reading on the face of the Lord all that she had experienced of sorrow and more, she read there the story of the inner man, of the spirit dominance of self; that whoever lives that power within him is not moved by the dangers about him nor the hardships along the way a career reaches forth. But her love for him caused her pain nor did she know sufficiently to see the glory that an enlightened vision would have given her. How she pitied him. Her association with the man made her know some things the others of his party did not know, nor could they know. The one thing she did know was that Christ rebuked the Pharisees and scribes and lawyers; that he spake to his Disciples always with authority, yet never did he address her in other than tender terms. No difference how hard the day nor sad the night he

was always the same Lord to her as he was in the village of Nain, when he said he would never leave her alone.

From place to place the Lord traveled preaching; preaching always the same things; always telling the poor that they were as good as the Priests of the Temple; as the Scribes who read the Scriptures; as the lawyers who stole the sense of heaven away from the words of God and placed lies there instead; that the poor were blessed and should inherit the kingdom of God; that the kingdom of God was not of this world. That was the hard part of his gospel for Mary to understand. One day he said to a large gathering of people that he and his father were one and defied the Priests present to reason against him. From that time on Mary had a new vision of the man she had been with through so much suffering. Now she began to think of his power while before she only thought of his love for the lowly and sinners. She had seen him cure Magdalene, but her love for him blinded her eyes. She began to worship him as never before and though she was always near to him and gave him her service still a mystery concerning him took possession of her.

Word came to her that Lazarus was sick and she asked to go home to help Martha and be near her brother whom she loved. The Lord being willing, Mary went home and found her brother sick unto death. Long days and nights she sat with Martha by the bedside of Lazurus, so lonely, so sad, for the Lord was not there and her brother loved the Master Man so dearly. Then the end came, they had to give up the only brother, one who had always been kind. He never censured her when all the world had been unkind. These women sat there in their utter sorrow, but Mary more than Martha, for she was more alone, now that he was gone, for sometimes her sister would scold and the boy would defend her. And too, a great mystery was in her heart; a great suffering was in her memory; a great man had been near her and now he was absent in this grief.

Mary arose in her grief and stood at the door looking out over the plain, the way she used to come home with the Lord when Lazarus would meet them. As she leaned her hair came loose from its rings and fell over her face so that her tears ran down the braids to fall on her feet. She looked for the coming of the master for hours, but he came not and Martha helped her to

a seat on the floor of the house. Here Mary sat, for she had no one to whom she could go for pity. No one but the Lord and Lazarus were kind to her in this place. The people knew her and were jealous of her. Besides all knew that she had been a great sorrow to Lazarus; that many times he had tried to persuade her to live at home and stay away from the streets of the cities but she would not. Now she could not look to them for sympathy. Alone with her dead and the Master not there. The Master had helped Magdalene. "Oh, Lazarus, if he had been here you would not have died," she wailed. So great was her grief that some of the company that came to console with Martha did pity her, but all wondered why her Master had not come.

Some one said to Martha that the Master was coming and she ran out to meet him and told him that Lazarus had died. He asked, "Where is Mary?" That he wanted her to come to him. Then Martha went silently into the house and said to her sister, "Thy Master is come and calleth secretly for thee." When Mary heard this, she rose up quickly and ran to Jesus and fell at his feet crying, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother would not have died." When the Lord

saw her lying at his feet weeping, he groaned in his sorrow and wept. His tears fell on Mary's hair. He lifted her up and said, "Mary, I am come; I am the resurrection and the life. I will never forsake thee nor leave thee alone." Then he brought Lazarus up out of the grave and gave him over to Martha who took her brother to the house and the people followed them.

The Lord and Mary went apart to themselves. He sat down as was his wont. Mary stood up before him and sang to him the words of Meriam, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." And as she sang she danced her dance for him, drawing about the simple robe of her weeping, her tangled hair laying loosely on her bare shoulders she began to sway back and forth and would lean her body forward toward the Lord. As she so leaned, he caught her in his arms and held her head in his hands against his breast, pointing upward saying, "Beyond that blue veil Mary is our home," and as he so held her she put her hand on his hair and kissed his cheek. A great light shone in her eyes, she trembled for joy. With her head leaning on his arm they walked to the house.

At the house Martha and Lazarus waited for them; also many people gathered but the Lord dismissed them, so that he could be alone with Mary, so great had been her sorrow, that she trembled as she walked. The Master noticed it. As they sat in the house Lazarus so lately risen, Martha thought Jesus would talk to him, but not so. He was caring for Mary, for he knew she was sick of so much sorrow, and he and Mary knew that a greater thing than raising the dead had been done; that they together had discovered the absolute, the law of it was love; a law any one could understand once it were given him to know; that in that country is life and no fear of death for love forbade fear to enter. They had by being together known what otherwise is unknowable. So knowing, they sat apart and communed with each other; Martha and Lazarus slept, Jesus and Mary lived.

CHAPTER THREE.

IN THE VILLAGE OF EPHRAIM.

UT toward Galilee in Judea is a small dwelling place known as the village of Ephraim. It is quite a distance from Bethany and removed from the general walks, and was at the time of which we write. It was one of those places that the extremely poor inhabit. Here came the Lord and Mary from the scenes of her late sorrow. Christ brought her here for rest from the turmoil that now grew thick about them over near the city.

In this retreat he expected to gather strength for the coming passover. Mary's anxiousness for him was telling the story of fear on her face. Lines of care were showing on her young form. The Master noticed all this; that his dear friend was sad for him and tried in many ways to teach her that she had cast her life with a Man of Destiny.

The people of the village often wondered when they saw these two walking out the paths to some place of seclusion, why they so often cared to be alone. Days

and days they spent out of town and coming late to the village at night would retire to their house and hide from the gaze of curious watchers.

At this time the Lord was preparing Mary for the tragedy that should soon happen. What it would be he did not at that time know. But that the priests and all in authority were determined to rid themselves of him he was sure and he thought to have Mary ready for the evil days, for well he knew that if need be she would die for him.

And here it was that the Lord let Mary know that they were in a world's play and that she was playing no small part of it; that she should be full of courage and trust; that she should teach the disciples trust and confidence, that waiting, hoping against hope, to tell them to wait looking for him to the end of all the promises. To her he revealed himself freely; fully making known the great mystery of being. Here he spoke that wonderful doctrine of man; that man was the master of the earth and its kingdom, "as such they were, man made," that justice belonged of right to every one; that mercy was the tenderest emotion, while the voice of pity could never be denied in Court where God was respected; that sympathy was the greatest human pas-

sion, followed by service that Jehovah would accept; that to live such a life as those virtues expressed made man above all law and made him a law unto himself, being perfect in his generation; that each individual is possessed of the spirit of God and of nature so that no other being had so possessed and never could again and it was a waste of God to tolerate distinctions among men; that God is perfect and in so living man might fully know the absolute; that her brother had not died, there was no such thing, only fear of the change was the real meaning of death; that he knew all these things because he could discern back of all that appeared, back of the blue sky and back of the face on which love lighted the lamp of the soul, the unseen world that was not to pass and perish; that into this place were mansions of glory for mankind.

He had to teach some one these doctrines in order to leave them with man and he was constantly in danger now, he was exceedingly anxious for them. To Mary alone could he begin to make known these secret messages he bore in his heart. He knew that she loved him with a woman's great love for man and that she looked on him as greater than all other men, but this was not enough for him. She must know him more

and better. The passion of Mary was for him. He knew that only in this way was it possible for women to love and that in this way revelations of the world and the heavens could be made to her fine intuition and spiritual sense. So he taught her that the true "God is love," and that when she loved him that God was living in her heart; that without love, life is worthless however elegant were forms; that nature was the voice of him who is Father of all; that the dust of the desert is matter and void of love; that within her very being moved the great spirit of Jehovah of the Temple, that he was within her breast; that a rule of the temple or a law of Rome preventing God to live through her person out in his own world was wrong and evil. He taught her that he was born of woman, loved by the maid of Bethlehem and to enter again the heart of woman in love was right, was God's way of revealing himself to men. That to be true to self-being was the first law of life and on the flowers, in the birds, everywhere on the fields, coming down in the rain, waving in tresses of sun-flung gold on the green tops of the Cedars of Lebanon, in her own dear eyes and lips, the glory of the infinite is in His existence, and must never be denied.

Mary begged for the light of the world but could not understand when it came even from his lips to her. He said to her, "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." "When shall I be so free," she asked of him. "Mary, do you not yet understand after what I have said to you," "No, Lord, sometimes your speech indicates to me that you are God, and then again you speak of one afar off; one beyond all and greater than all we know. How may I know all these things, I know that I love you and love the very way you live and in my heart I feel when you speak to me, I know of that good God; the more I know the people that are poor and needy how you love them and you are good to me, Oh! my heart breaks for you. Tell me, Lord, all things you would have me know and I will be to you ever true."

Jesus saw that Mary was as the rest of the people in the respect of being unable to comprehend the spirit of his message. That only love was plain to her and that all her love was for him. That beyond his person it was hard for her to go, try ever as she would. So he resorted to the things she loved in order to reveal the hidden souls of speech concerning eternal truths which seemed plain to him.

On one of their walks he repeated the songs of Solomon and spoke his poem of the Lilies, "consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," so when he had finished, her eyes were filled with tears. She looked at his earnest face, so good and kind, and said to him, "I love thee with all my mind and heart and all my might. So sweet thy words to hear I wonder how any one can deny thee. So beautiful thy face to me and the charm of thy regard, I am unworthy of thy love." He put his hand on her lips to hush the speech of her humiliation. Then with his arm about her, led her to the village, to their house.

They lived apart from the rest of the persons who made up the number of Christ's following. The disciples did not care for Mary. She was in their way but they dared not disturb her for the Lord would tolerate no unkindness toward her. One of the chief men among them discerned the distinction that Jesus gave to the beautiful girl of Bethany and distinguished her as the "Other Mary," meaning that she was above the Mary Magdalene who was very anxious to care for the Master. This was Matthew, a converted publican,

and he knew Mary when he stood at the gates of the city to collect tax. Now that she was loved by the Lord, seemingly above the rest of the women, was one of the mysteries of the wonderful life of the man whose leadership he now freely conceded.

At the house this night all gathered to consult about the coming passover. All knew that something of great moment would be done. The followers of the Lord expected of him a display of the miraculous power he had expressed at other times. They also looked forward to a cruel prosecution by the Hypocrites of the Temple, for the High Authorities had been very diligent, lately.

Peter as was his custom was for a bold stand in the open, and so was bitter against John who ever solicitous for the Lord spoke for a careful and secret visit believing that only time was necessary and all would see the way of his Master to be right. These two were in a heated controversy with most of the disciples favoring Peter's side. Most of them thought that if Christ was to be King, now was the time. They had hardships sufficient for them. Judas alone was silent, seemingly taking no notice of the debates going on about him. About this time, Mary Magdalene entered the

room. She brought late news. About her the disciples gathered listening as she related the purposes of the authorities of the city concerning Christ. Judas for the first time took interest of the matter. It soon was understood by them all that a general movement against the Master and them was on foot to be carried forward to the end that they should be driven out and wholly destroyed.

While this controversy was in heat between the men of the party, Jesus and Mary went apart to themselves and looked on the men awhile until Magdalene came and the conversation turned to the threatened event of the passover. They went out to the hill where they had a resting place made for them. Here reclining at length the Lord bade Mary sit beside him, which she was glad to do. He took her head in his arms, gently stroked her hair, looked into her eyes and kissed her lips. All the while he asked her if she indeed loved him. Mary gave him a sweet, sad look that answered all inquiry. "Mary," he said, "soon we will go up to the city and we may never come down again for the High Priests will seek me and try to destroy me. I have labored to have my disciples understand, but they cannot. I have tried to make you know, but you only

love me. Mary, I am not good. There is none good but my Father which is in Heaven. I would have you love him. I would not have you love me less, but Mary, will you know the Father, Mary, he will desert me also. Will you leave me;" Mary was overcome by the sadness of the Lord, but as she pressed her soft face to his lips said, "Lord, I am a woman. I love you and it is not given a woman who loves to desert her Master. I love you and your sorrow shall I share."

He asked her why she loved him, and she answered him so: "Thou art the loveliest man of the world. Thou art comely to look upon and gentle of voice. Thou art truthful, being full of pity, having mercy on all but above all, thou dost love me. Thus I think I know heaven because of thee. If thou and God are alike as one, I love God for thy sake," and she kissed his feet. "Mary, I would that all my disciples so knew my gospel as you do, but they have not so known me. How sweet is love, to know all things necessary. But yet you do not know me as you shall. Thy love shall lead you to the truth. I am weary. Mary, one time when I raised thy brother and we were apart from all others you danced a beautiful dance; it made such a beautiful scene as I beheld you, that I was rested in

my spirit. Can you make your form bend so and your eyes laugh the light of victory as they did then? Mary, I would see you dance as you did then for I may never see you in such glory of yourself again and you were so beautiful to see." As he spoke, her head was on his breast. She was looking into his eyes. She saw his lips tremble. "What is it that so distresses my Lord? They shall not harm you, my love and my cherished one. May I love thee as I will?" "Yes, Mary, I am your Lord and you may love me all thou carest to. But love me in your dance as you did before. For my heart is sad. My disciples do not know me nor the gospel I have preached to them. Thou art a smile as the lilies are, eternal and true. From the false and ugly I would hide me in admiration of thy form and looks and at no other time are you so beautiful as when with your gown drawn about you and the bells tinkle on the silence, your white limbs moving so swiftly in the dance." "My Lord, I have no bells and the gold is gone. The silver sandals are worn and soiled, see? My hair is tied with threads of hair. Judas would have them all and I can no longer resist him. He sold them and put the coin in his money bags." "Mary, Mary, did Judas do that?" "Yes, Lord, and more, he wanted me to get

money from the cities as I used to do, and I told him I loved the Lord." "Mary, Mary, truly thou are pure as the dew that fell on Solomon's locks and the glory of Lebanon." "Mary you have shown me that Judas is a Devil."

Mary raised on her arm, looked up in Jesus's face saying, "Lord, is this the heaven of which you have told me? I feel my heart now open to your words." She began singing a song of Solomon, "My Beloved spake and said unto me, rise up my love, my fair one, and come away," I have no gems but as I am I will dance for you." Then began her swaying to and fro. At a distance sat Judas unnoticed by them. Also came up the rest of the party, so in this place with the disciples and Mary Magdalene sitting about, Mary sang and danced. When it came to the Egyptian part, Mary motioned to Magdalene to join her. There the women joined hands and danced as never before, for they were at that time the only ones who loved the Lord, and had been wholly forgiven by him. After they had danced awhile the Lord bade Mary sit by him and Magdalene dance on. As they sat on the ground, Mary with her head on the lap of his robe, the Lord patted her cheeks and asked her if she thought Magdalene pretty when

she danced. Mary said no, not so much as when she did some tender labor for him.

After Magdalene had pleased them, all went to the house and consulted about the passover that was but six days off. Jesus did not mean to go up until the day before, but Mary thought of Martha and Lazarus at Bethany and how nice it would be for the Lord to rest awhile before the time of going to the city. When she mentioned it to him he was pleased with the promise of the visit, and Mary sent word by some friends going to the city that they would visit at home.

The word was sent to the friends about. A fine supper was prepared for the two from Ephriam. As the time of their arrival drew near, Martha looked out over the plain for the first glimpse of them.

In the distance a man with a woman on his arm was coming. It was Jesus. Martha knew him by his walk. And her sister was leaning on his side. As they drew near Martha ran out to meet them, while Lazarus and neighbors gathered around offering welcome words. Martha led the way into the house and supper being ready, sat the Master and her brother to the table when she took Mary aside and said something that made her young sister smile. Martha returned, found others

had come to eat with them, among the number being some of the apostles, one of whom was Judas. Then Mary came in having a pound of ointment of spiknard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair (the like which she had done when she first kissed him at Nain) and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Then Judas began to quarrel with her and said to the Lord that Mary ought to be censured by him for she would hear no one else. Jesus got up from the table and took Mary in his arms, shaking his hand at Judas, said to him in tones never to be forgotten "let her alone; against the day of my burying hath she kept this." And Judas understood from that time that Mary knew his heart. Then Jesus turned his eyes on her and said, "Mary, lovest thou me?" And when she had answered as she always did, he led her out to the Olive grove. There he spoke to her that Judas was to have no more to do with the disciples.

Here he unfolded to her that God works in his kind in the earth; that God will bring all things to his own will.

When they were come to the house again, the others had retired and they had peace until morning.

CHAPTER FOUR.

AT THE CROSS.

IN the night Mary Magdalene came and in the morning helped Martha prepare the morning meal for the party. While the others were eating, the Lord and Mary took a walk in the Olive grove, for each knew that startling things were just before them. On the way out Mary told the "Man" of a beautiful dream of him she had during the night. She asked him if dreams were anything but air with sunshine falling through. As they came out of the orchard toward the house a large concourse of people from the villages were gathered to go up to the city and came forward to meet them saying, "Hail, Master," for this was the day that Jesus was expected to announce his power and assume the throne of David. Many who cared not for him as a man, longed for him to try his power against the Romans.

The many little things about a house, however, humble, necessary to be done were finished when Jesus and his party started to go to the city to face a day of fate;

to tempt destiny, for all had expectancy. Mary was with the Lord when they came to a high place from which they could see the path that ran to the door of the little house. Here they stopped and took a last look at the familiar places of their associations. Mary was leaning on the breast of Christ, while he was saying to her, "Mary, the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have their nests, but I have no place to lay my head, but my Kingdom is not of this world. This day will be seen the glory of God." "What is the meaning of these strange words, my Lord?" she asked him. He only said, "Look, Mary, at our home now, our home no more forever. Let us go on to the city." Mary knelt at his feet and wept. While so kneeling the Master was carried away by the people, so great already was the throng.

Mary Magdalene and the other women went up to the city alone for when near the gate, Jesus rode on an ass's colt as he went into the city, was hailed King of Israel. Mary walked with the men and kept as near Judas as possible for the crowd. All day long she watched the glory of the Lord and her heart was full of sweet sad gladness as she saw many people worship him. Yet from what he had said she knew that some

terrible thing would happen, that her Master must suffer. So while the other women were wild with delight, a mystery kept eternity's passion moving in her breast.

When the excitement grew highest, about the middle of the afternoon, Mary missed Judas and was alarmed by his absence and watched for his return. When he did not come she sought him out and found him in a crowd of men telling them of the secrets of his Master; his face was dark with envy and hate. When she spoke to him of his infidelity to the Master Man, whom he had deceived, he called her a name for which she had been forgiven, telling her that that day would end the folly of following a beggar as a God; for that Jesus was an imposter; that the High Priest was the true ruler of the Jews. Mary had been bold in the presence of men and had little fear of any but the awful anger of the "Apostate" abashed her. However, she appealed to the men that they knew Judas and that he was a liar; they knew for that he himself had been trusted with the money of the Lord and had purchased of them. Whereupon Judas declared that Jesus was a tramp and had no home nor people, except the home of Mary where shame was on the door post. The men jeered her so that she could say no more.

That day had been one of great labor for Mary keeping watch on the traitor. She had seen little of the other women. Mary Magdalene had been with the mother of Jesus while John cared for them. One of the strange things to Mary was the absence of Peter. Also the older brothers of the Lord were seldom seen. The poor of the city had surrounded Christ and became a very mob so it was impossible to get near him. She wanted to tell him of the treachery of Judas but was unable for the throng and could find no one to bear him the word.

Late in the evening she knew that Jesus was separated from the people and was gone with the disciples, Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, to the garden of Gethsemane to pray and commune with the night as was his liking. She walked out that way and was nearing the place when a mob of men armed with clubs and rocks passed her. In the crowd she saw Judas and heard his voice advising the men the way they should go. She ran after them and when they came to the garden, she saw Judas run to the Lord and kiss him, and say, "Hail, Master." At this many laid hands on Jesus. Then she ran to the Lord, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him saying, "O, my Lord, they will

take you, may I go also? May I go with you?" The Lord stood silent. The men of the party pulled her away from Jesus and asked Judas of her. He told them that she was that Mary, "the girl of Bethany, who loved the Pretender." When they heard that, so roughly did they handle her that she lay in a swoon all night. When it was day she waked and dragged herself from the ground where Jesus had prayed, and kneeling there prayed as he had that the suffering threatened him should not fall upon him.

She came to the city looking for Judas. Late in the day she found him, following him continually, accusing him of his treason, looking on him with such sad eyes that Judas could stand the memory of his offense no longer and prepared in her presence to hang himself. In her presence he hanged himself and as he burst asunder at her feet she stood over him saying, "Go, Judas, to your own place. Go, Judas, to the cursings of all future time. Go, Judas, to the hate of all women. O! Judas, thou dog. Thou hast betrayed my Lord. Oh, Judas, broken in pieces, miserable are the shreds of thy mean body. Hate on you, traitor."

Weeping, Mary returned to the city and there found

Mary Magdalene, who told her that the Lord would be crucified between two thieves. Crucified! Crucified! O, how her heart melted in love and pity for him. She tried to press her way to his side but was prevented for Judas had warned the Priests against her and they kept watch on her so that she could not help the man to means to destroy himself, which they much feared. When they crucified the Lord, Mary was lying on the rocks on the hill out of sight of the cruel work of the Romans. She scarcely knew what they did so great was her grief. A cloud came over the hill and darkness grew thick. A scene of terror covered the place where the Master was hanging. The others were gone for fear was on them. Even the Roman soldiers had run before the phenomenon. Mary staggered to the top of the ridge and looked toward the cross. There in the dark hung her Lord. So weak the frightening scene made her that she fell to the earth, when she heard him cry out, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The piteous crying in the darkness pierced her heart. She could lie down as in death no more, weak, her hands and feet bleeding, her hair fallen over her face and wet in tears, her bare bosom torn on the rocks, she crept to the cross and kneeling in the dirt whisper-

ed out of her choking grief, over and over, his name and kissed his feet and blood from them was on her lips. She pressed her hot face against his limbs and wept aloud. Thus God forsaken, the Lord looked down from the cross on Mary kneeling, kissing his bleeding feet. He knew the imperishable story and said, "It is finished." She heard his words. With her Lord and his cross, rent, torn, and bloody, in the unnatural darkness of the earth, her heart broken, Mary! Mary! of Bethany, alone on the hill of a skull. So they found her standing there begging for the body of him that she might bury it and anoint it with her ointment, for already she had anointed him for the last time with her tears.

They, the Romans, gave her the body and a rich man gave her a place for the body to lie in. Then Mary took the last of her spiknard and prepared the body for burial. Magdalene helped her, so did his Mother. After the body was laid away Mary sat by the door of the sepulchre, Magdalene sitting with her. So dark were those days that Mary knew but little that was going on about her. But she looked for the Lord for she sought him in her spirit. She now remembered all the words he had said to her concerning this time. How he

should come again and she knew he had not been wounded unto death and she knew that she had been careful of the body of the Master. She remembered that he had said on the third day he would appear. So when Magdalene told her that the morning of the third day had come and that light already looked from the east, she rose up hastily and ran to the tomb; the other women going with her. When they came to the sepulchre, Magdalene was afraid, but Mary ran after a man in the garden. As she approached, he turned and said, "Mary," and she fell at his feet saying, "My Lord." Jesus sent Magdalene to tell his apostles to meet him in a place off toward Galilee.

Jesus and Mary went out to Bethany and there Christ blessed the people who gathered about him. Mary always at his side. The disciples came to see him in his new manner. He gave the work of his spiritual kingdom to them and bade them do his labor. For forty days he thus labored with them in order that they might know the doctrine of the new gospel. And then he parted from them taking Mary with him.

The parting was sad to the Apostles. They gathered about the Lord and with many words of love promised

to do the work of the Kingdom and preach the gospel to the poor, which is justice to them and everlasting life. It was on a high place overlooking many scenes and paths of former meetings. The sky was clear and off in the distance the olive orchards looked beautiful. The earth seemed glad. And the men saw him no more.

At Bethany the Lord and Mary of the Lord, "The maid of the village," leave the world. And the world loses sight of them.

It is not said that they were ever buried. Their graves are not spoken of. And here so far as the world knows was the end of the greatest passion ever lived between a man and a woman on this earth.

Great as has been the love of many for the Lord, none ever so loved him as did this woman. Divinely as the Christ loved all mankind, he never loved any other one as he loved this Mary, gentle, true, and to the last his own, the woman of the city, the redeemed harlot of a ruined race.

Outlawed and spurned from the Temple, they yet found God a spirit and worshiped him in spirit and

in truth. They made their hearts to be God's temple and the law it was love.

The Master Man said, "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached through the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." This is his statement of his regard for the woman. And standing, fronting the world with his blood on her lips, the story of her love for the man is good for the world to know.

F. W. JACOBS,

December A. D., 1909. Sapulpa, Oklahoma, U. S. A.

PART II.

MENTAL METEMPSYCHOSIS AND OTHER POEMS

Night! Night!

Behold! above the Cities fly—
Man's flaming Meteors of the sky;
And underneath the Ocean's endless sweep,
Across the wrecks, where buried Centuries sleep,
The winding trails of man now lie.

Amid the crash of storm at sea,
A wounded ship rolls helplessly—
From wave to wave is tossed, in wanton spent.
Through angry winds the signs of sense are sent—
To her in human sympathy.

Behold! beyond where now we stand,
Our Race is huddled in one land.
The night has come; the cold eternal night!
The time for life has gone, gone with the light.
See! there we hopeless, helpless stand.

Come Poet, come, dream till your eyes—
See dawns on purple hills of skies,
Eternal, ranging on and on through night—
That fades before our inner self whose right,
This heedless, hungry ages denies.

Come, Poet, come, dream your surmise—
To purple dawns on hills of skies.
Dream till the Astral floods of evening light,
Shine on the inner urge and scatter night,
With hope of life on dying eyes.

Mental Metempsychosis; or Living Backward

Yes, I would return,
And make the trip again;
To see the campfires burn
Of youth, I would endure the pain
Of life with all its waste.

Yes, just to taste
The fruits of memory that appease
Allures my mind to ease;
While o'er my soul from youth to here
The vision pauses to appear
In Age's loneliness. And so I turn
And travel backward to the sky,
Whose stars then kindled thoughts that lie
Within my soul and spirit eye.

From place to place, and through
The tangle of the wood
And vines that slept with dew
Enrobed, whose leaves a hood
To cover hidden fruit
I part, and like an urchin steal
The vine's rich growth, and then pursuit
Is hot upon my heel.

The boyhood spell is wild,
And beckons on from now to then.
I see my mother lift her first born child,
That on his face
The father's smile
Might play her glory back. And when,
Divinity of earth—the while
Made on her breast my resting place.

I start. The years unroll
And, fancy led, my soul
Is glad of the retreat—
The passing o'er the trail
Impressed with joys, avail
My journey with quickened feet;
To speed by these first years
And bid me leave the night—
The griefs and tears—
To heed my fancy's flight.

With winged joys the years
Unfold to me,
For of this stuff our hope is given,
And eternity
Gives this a living heaven.

Back! the woven tapestries,
The written creed, my life
In discord and in harmonies,

In gentleness and in strife,
Through habits manifest,
Hold into the review.
And in this quest
They hold the map and portraiture
Of living I give you.
So read, for ever they endure.
And this is true of all—
The sheen of soul and pall.

Back through the opening ways!
For all of that we know of earth
Is passing through the days,
And each is life with birth.

Back through the deadening,
Where dead ambitions stand
Whose branches in the moonbeans fling
Their shadows down. But grand
As monuments are they.
Of all our life they say
We lived a manly offering.
But look, and yonder comes
A pilgrim who will plan
Escape. A joy is peeping in
The tangle of the storm—
A maid is greeting me, to win—
With lovely features and goodly form,

And shod with silver shoes,
And laughter in her voice, we begin—
We begin
Our glad return
Along the way youth's campfires burn.

Onward in backward flight,
Our hands embrace,
We speed the spaces of the light
Where people interlace
Our memory with faces bright
In old familiar grace.

Beside an old farm well
Whose oaken bucket rose and fell,
Empolled with sweep and chain,
We pause. We pause to live again
Our passion. And the ministry
Of sex then plead in vain
For bliss. We could not press
The little lusts that love had lain
Within our souls long century,
Like spots in sand, where rain
Had made the clouds' footprint
Upon the earth. But not a hint
Of what could ease
Our panting hearts, till wild
The motherhood of melodies
Sang to our sleeping child.

And we are young and free
To move along, with pride,
The course we tremblingly
Had wandered side by side.

We nurse this, sweet, that pres't
Her face up through our love,
To find on your white breast
A home of heart, and move
You, dear, to choose the best
For me. Divine
In love's embrace
This child of mine
With your pure face,
Its holy shrine—
My praying place.

Mother, dear, we bend above
The symbol of the earth's best love.
Stay here with me
There lies a smile of thee.
That song you hear the mother sing,
Yourself to free
Your heart, with ease,
The sweetest melodies
Of all the raptures wild
In woman's mystery
As sung to her own child,
You sang to me.

My sister sweet, you hold
My roving fancy here,
To robe you in the fold
Of light, of love. My dear,
You laugh and make me dream
Of one whose tenderness
Came to my life with moonbeam
O'er her sweet face, and your gentleness.
O, childhood; wonderment
Of all our life; and ever seen
The sister's love; God's instrument,
And boyhood's queen.

And he who spoke
The orders of the day;
Whose every hope awoke
And led the way.
I hear him now, "My boys, get up!
It's time to feed."

Here father comes. The morning cup
Of water in our face,
And by our ears were led
Into the room for grace—
The horses to the plow—
O, this is living now.

Back and ever back through scenes like these
'Till memory scarce can bring

The glories up. Yet on my brow
My mother's mother kiss
And breath still cling,
To live in consciousness;
Dividing being from the nothingness
That stalwart souls alarms;
When I awoke to life, a relevant
In tender arms;
And God's true covenant;
And man's true vow.

And this is all—
Nor shield nor paling pall
Of all the past
We will relate,
But living now the old life o'er
And free from fate—
A heaven fronts the door.

Thus fitly crowned,
We rove the circle through
The rainbow to the ground,
Whose blush hangs on the dew,
And pictures in its colors bright
The mystery of shade and light.

As parachutes bring back to earth,
The men with their ambitions birth,
So now I make descent;

And this, so hard to do,
I ask before my powers are spent,
You lend, to help me through,
Your fancies, while I retreat
Along the beach
Where life's wild tides forever beat.
The things beyond my reach
You'll have to wade and get
Yourself. The psychic streams descend
For you in ways that never yet
Have made a bend
To near my sea
That breaks in moaning undertone.
I sail alone—
Just life and me.

I like this moonlit place;
For here I see
The shadows as they chase
Into eternity.
And as I try to gather rain
Of beings free from pain,
I find they aid
Me as I travel in the mind,
A way the feet have never made.
Nor others tried to find.

There shines a sun
Upon this wonderland,

But whose ways never run
The deep recess
Of its great wilderness.
And hard to understand
Is glory of this kind—
The psychic plan
Of living back again
Is new to man
As life that's free from pain.
But this, however well
We try to do our best,
Now shadows lengthen into light
While glory fills the west.
The race is free from hell.
So man may see
The future bright—
The house of eternity
For each and all.
For if we find
It possible to think,
That life can rest,
At last in memory,
And free of every kind
Of pain, the dream, the best
Of all the age is true.

And when I find
A place for you

Of sweet content
  And hopes high wonderment.
This, then, the fairest dream
  The mind of man may know
Is at the end of life's long stream
  To which I backward row.

  However short it seems
The time is long;
  This life is not of dreams
That rhyme is song;
  But is the soul
That does escape the wrong,
  Whose tides but over roll
And do impress—
  The peace and good
Of virtue's joyousness
  In triumphant brotherhood.
We only tell of heaven—
  Of heaven and its bliss;
We leave the hell
  Where life like this,
When hope's high flame
  Is in the conquerer's mood,
Leave the ashes of the wood
  To winds and in the fame
Of life we live the good.

This recessional
Is not so hard to do,
Like stooping down to kiss a child—
The gray in mixed with all
The morning wild—
Delight to you;
Its glory weaves in gold,
And places in the skein
These beauties ere they're told—
Of life apart from pain.

'Tis process, and beyond the vain
Attempts of man to move
The lines of thought,
We love and prove
What ere is brought
By alien ministers of light,
To flood with dawn
The shadows and the bright
We, living, look upon.

ASCENSION.

Ascension! spirit, rise on thine
Own scarlet wing
To your arcane.
There search in ways divine
For everything
To mortal vision vain.

The canopy enfleck
With stars that beam,
With silver strands the creek
That courses down my dream
Is ringing echoes down
From footfalls sounding there—
The dance whose merriment
Is glory everywhere;
Whose glory has no noun,
But lives in wonderment.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

My soul, in passing through
The changing of its frame
Has never yet, the sublimely true,
Had power to give a name.
The sweetest kiss is not from lips
Of mud refined by life,
But felt and known when spirit tips
Our feeling out of strife.
To hold ourself repose
With something, changeless, sweet,
In eternity's enclose—
In hope's retreat—
We to ourselves confess
This holds us back from nothingness.

How sweet must be
The velvet lips that form no sound;
The taste of infancy;
And smile that plays around
A thoughtless face.
This dearest, best, from Eden's gate—
A thing unnamed—
Had moved beyond a wrecked estate
Where vengeance flamed;
For after that Jehovah smiled,
And under grace
Was born the child.
The beauty of the place,
Its fruit and flower,
Then perished in that hour;
But beauty formed in childhood's face.

This high and holy fane,
Where love's long feast
Forever in its reign
Has had no priest.
The reason is the mind
Of spirit. And the kind
Of mind that beasts possess,
Man also knows,
For all the things that press
To good, instincts oppose—
Within his soul.

And when the spirit finds
A way to victory;
'Tis over life, 'tis over all.

This is the recessional:
Back to eternity—
From time and tides that roll
Before the angry winds
That whip the soul.

Condition makes the place.
And habits make the sum
Of life defined. But trace
The living back. To overcome
What man has made,
Just note whate'er he knows.
For on beyond pervade
The truths that will disclose
That being is. And in repose,
While o'er the senses passions creep,
In everlasting bliss
The spirits sweep
From life like this,
In nothing less than pain,
All beauties, loves, and peace,
In course again—
Back to Aidenn—and surcease
Is being, living life again.

In a garden when the dawn
Of real life begun,
While radiance came on
From the sun,
Standing all alone
Came to me in undertone
Voices rare in friendliness.
But the words were new.
Their meaning only I could guess.
Yet I felt I knew
What such beings would express—
"Goodness and its joyousness."

Once I loved a maiden fair,
Love had made us one.
But a doubt made shadows flare
On the face of my paragon.
Now I feel her breath,
Sweet as orchard's bloom,
Come from cerements of death
And the terror of the tomb.

What a gloriance;
I can see within her eyes
Heaven's radiance.
And there look in her surprise,
What all women must surmise:
For the sweets they taste;

And the tenderness,
Can never go to waste
Or nothingness.
Here I make for all a frame.

MY FRAME.

"I live, I will not die.
And this is all the story;
Nor here below nor in the sky
Shall change my living glory!"

In this world the words are few.
All that people have to do
Is to think and give it name.
Just to think, and think again.
Live and love, forget the pain.

Thus you see
I tried to vault all time.
Eternity
Defies my power to rhyme.
Yet, just as we would close
Opens here again—
The dream—the birth of my repose
Looks out on pain.

A Smile of God

God's smile out there where Cities stand,
First seen by one like you or me,
Was but a purple dawn, the land—
Had caught and held of mystery.

The habits grown were first of Myth.
And born of toil—The parentage—
The Spirit that had dalliance with—
A world to give, Man's heritage.

The trouble is the Race is led.
And will not walk the way alone—
To eminence, where dawn are red,
But wait the Genius to atone.

He comes and then, there is a change.
A startled world of men behold,
Addition only that is strange.
The principal was known of old.

Man's Glory

I fell flat-faced against the sky.
O, Christ, what awful plunging!
My God help me; am I dead?
Or am I only dreaming?

I often said, while my heart bled,
Man's glory is his sinning.
It makes him differ from his God.
And angels' state declining.

'Tis contrast makes the mind expand.
Now hear the Savior calling:
"Come unto Me, I'll make you free,"
All piteous tears are falling.

Why babies die that mothers cry,
The joy so lately given!
O, see the gate where mothers wait
To welcome them to heaven!

If man had never thought to sin,
What altar fires were burning!
What thought of God in man ordained,
In flame of passion burning!

I do not mean to say that man must sin,
But that he will well knowing

That what he sows he sure will reap,
He keeps on sowing, sowing.

Yet when those fields are worn away,
For wear away they will,
The hands will heal from thorns and toil
Where they no longer till.

Then clean and pure as infant's dream
From earthly strife and jars,
And trails that his own God blazed out,
He'll lose among the stars.

The Christ has died yet is the life;
And those who read His story,
Will hear the sobs of mercy break
Around His throne of glory.

Some day divine our tears will shine
To shame the church-man's story;
Our pains surcease on thrones of peace,
Man's sinning is his glory.

Theos

The day will sound in shouts of glee,
And all because a mystery—
Has sent a Theos as a child,
To make our very hearts run wild—
In loving Him.

The night has lost its fearful fame,
And in its lurid hours has run
The golden arrow of a sun,
That lights a living flame.

This Theos came a living light,
And broke the sable face of night,
With charm of word and speech,
That cause the souls of men to reach—
The throne of God.

A life beyond the mists came through,
And searching found the humble place—
Where Theos lay and kissed His face—
As star-light does the dew.

To know the person is the plan:
To make all others know the last,
Impersonal—.
He emptied out His Soul and passed
Before the startled gaze of man—

And after that He came and stood—
Before His fellow men and said,
"We are but one great brotherhood,
All live there are none dead."

The cross the emblem of all shame:
The grave the end of earthly strife,
Are only forum grounds of fame,
And cradle couches of new life—
And Christmas Gift.

Iteration

The decades come and go:
The centuries retreat;
And like the Ocean's ebb and flow,
Our stories, we repeat.
Our stories, we repeat.
And that is all the Race may know—
"The Human-Ocean's ebb and flow."

A few on eminence,
In light of day and night,
Expose the range and prominence—
Of Genius in flight:

Of Genius in flight,
Through agony and pain to rise,
Vicarious, in its sacrifice.

There azure figures roam
In perfect liberty,
And peeping through the Ocean's foam
A child of sun and sea
Looks back on Genius at home
Prefixed with glory yet to be.

Beholding from afar,
A dream of peace unfold,
As night unfolds the silvery star,
The lines of truth grow bold—
(No Genius yet has gone to war
Nor stayed where bloody orgies are.)
So Genius sees a world afar
In love with joy and free from war.

But we poor mortals, yes,
We of the lower plain
May plod our weary way and guess
That Life repeats again.
That Life repeats again.
Its weary feet again must press
Our darkened paths of loneliness.

The Unseen (?) Seen

Now, while we look not at the things,
The naked eyes behold;
We see the forms, the spirit brings,
From every-lasting vanishings,
Of all, to that the sense still clings,
The world's, eternal, and illume
Our life with glories that consume
The sorrows of the Soul

To Oklahoma

O'er airy azure autumn haze,
To wandering vision, there unfold
The flags of flame on fields ablaze
With going summer's kiss of gold.

And of the wind we ask it whence—
And so the silvery purple dews—
And then the answer—Providence—
At work on magic Avenues.

My Own World

There is a world and it is mine.
Though poor and penniless,
In its democracy divine—
I feel unfretted happiness.

It is the world of dreamless sleep,
And void of every care—
Nor whether on the land or deep,
Its throne is even there.

It is not death—the border line
Of this fair land is life—
Is life, and room, and no repine,
Nor lust, nor grief, nor strife.

I come again from rest sublime,
An exile for a day,
But know I will return some time
And never come away.

But when I go to come no more,
Across the mystic deep,
I hope to have for evermore
The rest I have in sleep.

Yea, that within that life will be—
The rest of sleep, with bliss,
And human good and liberty
We partly have in this.

Fate

Masters of fate are they,
Who know their fate and feel
A comradeship with life. The day
Will never come to those who kneel
And prostrate form divinely made
Before an idol of a fear.
That high and buoyant spell,
Which fills the heart with God
Come not to those whose birth was hell,
But those whose silver sandals trod
Divine highways of higher birth.
Thus were they masters true
Of life and love and earth
With fate. And so to you
Who travel onward now,
It is a law of life
And not of faith and vow—
Nor envy nor in strife,
But love of love and life.

Pardon

Against the rock, amid the gloom,
The sigh for freedom breaks;
And, arising from the death-wet tomb,
Immortal, man awakes.
Awakes from frightened reverie
In God's own gift—'tis liberty.

Conqueror

There is in mind a conqueror,
That brings about fruition,
And dominates all error—
His name is Intuition.
The habits of all insect and instinctive life
Are under his control;
About his throne are set the streams of strife,
His sanctuary is the soul.

A Tear or Blood of Joy

I would much rather drink—
A tear from child-hood's eyes,
If only one could think—
To fill with glad surprise,
Where pain was in control;

Than drink the joyous blood—
Of all the grapes, that sink—
A thoughtless brotherhood
In fancy's levious drink
To slake the thirst of soul.

The Rhyme to All

The world with pain and anguish,
  Like vapor's forms recede,
And the heart is held to glory
  Thro' words which weep and bleed.

Who through the days of travail,
  Have longed for hours of ease,
May listen to the music—
Of Christmas melodies.

The songs tho' learned in Heaven,
  Are rhymed for all relief,
And like the thoughts of fortune
  Shall silence cries of grief.

Though for a day of glory,
  May Christians lift the head,
That fell on love's heart broken,
  And praise their princely dead.

Who gave Himself for sorrow,
  A priest of sympathy.
The song of His Heart is breaking
  In Christmas melody.

Listen! the walls of silence
  Echo the swelling rhyme,
From the tongue of His glory—
  The God of Christmas time.

Soul Questions

Once upon a time—
In a midnight call to answer,
Questions put by my own soul,
Such as these then pressed for answer;
What is soul?
Is it what we see at night,
Moving shadows on the light,
Like elusive thyme?

Only is it breath?
Of what things in it's communion,
Does the soul with strength possessed
Hold in grasp of living union—
In its breast?
Is it worship or a song?
Is it knowing right and wrong?
Is it fear of death?

And what are its powers?
Then a spirit of persuasion,
Of the silence came to teach,
That the questions make occasion
For the speech;
Of the soul in ecstacy,
In its breast of melody,
Vespering the hours.

Running ever free,
In the soul's own world opinion,
There is music everywhere.
Rhyme and rythm hold dominion
In the air.
And the voices of the streams,
Through the riffles of our dreams,
Make a melody.

Hear the story roll!
In emotions undulations —
Beat all accents of our time.
And on beauties face creations,
Write the rhyme.
When you feel you'r being pressed—
'Gainst an offered love caress—
This is living soul.

Transfiguration
Is the spirit's thought dominion,
And things felt are never wrong—
In this world, but on the pinion—
Of a song—
Motion is the music's tune—
And a soul is being's rune—
Being's creation.

My Isle

There is a place, a beauty place,
An Isle out in the soul.
And this alway has been,
We move right, while to our sight—
The light on the Isle is seen—
The light of future soul.

This beauty Isle, of joy and smile—
This Isle out in the soul,
Is mine I often ween.
For on my sight, when I move aright,
The light on the Isle I've seen—
The light of future soul.

But O the goal, in sorrow's soul!
No light! No joy! No smile—
In life that's staggering.
It's ashes blown; it's mocking moan,
In seas about the Isle—
That weep, it's muttering.

To Myself

While greeting self on life's high-way,
Where naught intrudes,
The Soul will ever stray
In solitudes.
There seeming sit while wonders knit,
Before the vision's inner gaze,
The scenes on distant tapestries,
As weird of weft as autumn's haze.
And thus we make our mysteries.

Related, man is bold and wise;
In his conceit,
Invades the depths and domed skies,
But in retreat—
He cowering clings to all the things,
That anchor were a calm is o'er—
The cove wherein his life began,
A long a beach; upon a shore,
Where ways he walks for ages ran.

And so I think that all of death
Is nothing more
Than feeling on our brow the breath
An alien shore,
In strangeness blows, and he who knows.
The lonely moods where self reclines

Within the soul's divine repose,
  Is master of what hope divines
And all the ages can disclose.

But fears—the brood of monstrous birth—
  Cold handed foes,
That tangle all the paths of earth
  With human woes,
And on our tears the passing years
  Reflect in life's blue rolling stream
The stars that shine a pale grey light
  Against the canopy, a dream
Draws out upon a range of night.

Yea, fear, the sickness life endures;
  That every smile
Is broken with and ever yours
  To battle, while
You seek relief from any grief.
  The day in dawn begins to reign
And sits about these forms in light
  The mystery of dread and pain.
Then pleasure sighing hides in flight.

Envoy.

Religion: Man's best friend, for there
  Ascends the Soul
Above the flowing tears that flare,
  And storms that roll

Against the upturned face
Of man in prayer.
And man in prayer with words for grace
Addressed to God, askes not in vain,
For over every stony place
He will proceed and laugh at pain.

The Sword at the Gate

Thorns are hanging every-where
To hurt the tender hand
That plucks the flower, there,
Where mingled stand,
The thorn tree and the stem
That wears dear beauty's diadem.

Paths, uneven, leading where,
The cross of cruel shame,
Has held the world's sad care,
And led to fame,
Are Traveled o'er as when
They first were worn by manly men.

Scaling high to place a name
Upon the ages stone,
Has caused a man, for fame,
To stand alone,
And in his madness seem—
A searcher in a hidden dream.

Toiling ones and artists who,
Amid the thorns and bloom,
Are looking ages through,
See to the tomb.
For there, all there, retreat
Beyond where pain and glory meet.

Love yea, love is heaven's name
Upon the lips of men.
The emptiness of fame
They know, and when
The heart has ceased to lend
It's charm, they go beyond the end.

Man and Woman hold the pass
To Eden and the gate,
Where flames the sword, alas,
Relentless fate,
That watcher of the sky,
Will let no single person by.

Secret are the words that fate
Will hear; to only three,
Their messages relate.
Eternity—
Itself can never trace,
With their true tale, another face.

But men, true men, watching while
The dolts and sluggards sleep
See, like the dawn, a smile
Through darkness peep.
To them the smile is light —
Upon the pass and gates of night.

Sweet, how sweet, when all is o'er
Of each days heavy task,
To such behind the door
Of home, there ask
And get her,' her part—
"The pass-word" to the world of heart.

The Wold of Soul vs. the Wold of Man

Within two worlds we live,
With life insured to each—
The one upon the surface lies;
The other's upward reach—
Is hidden from surprise,
That only feelings give.

The inner life is all our own.
Its course is reason's way.
Around it in the night
A radiance turns the dark to day,

And pours refulgent light
Upon its single throne.

Within this inner life, whose secrets hold,
The self-things of our care,
No one can enter there.
No one may come to see
This world, where all is free,
In reason's individual wold.

The surface life is open wide.
Upon its rusting hinges swing,
The instincts that arouse,
The passions to the wing;
And bacchus to carouse,
With sirens on a swollen tide.

Its secrets are revolt and pain.
Between the nights and days—
Are periods of its restless sleeps;
Along dark devious ways,
Its bleeding heart forever weeps;
And weeps and weeps in vain.

The master ruler of the earth—
Is man—the man in full control,
Who knows the laws of life within;
Who knows the instincts of the soul:
Who knows that living is not sin;
That living is the child of birth.

He and he alone is master still.
Where chaos seems to chide
The Ruler over all,
This man turns chance aside;
In mystery's confessional.
Absolves the human will.

An Unbelief

Away on the winds are the soul of flowers.
They are breathing their breath of air;
They're in the whirl of the storm's wild powers
They are leaving their death in all the hours
That their living once made so fair.

Away on the wings of our fleeing hours
We are sending our love that brings,
Where we stand on the peak that towers,
All the summit of time that life makes ours,
In the moments that die, the souls of things.

So then of the day in the moments that fly,
With their story of joy and grief,
We are, if we know, whatever we try,
Immortal in love, and those who sigh—
Are sighing, alas, for unbelief.

The mornings are here and living is wooed,
Of all who will open their eyes,
And see for themselves that a solitude—
Is a myth of the mind and a brotherhood,
In all things is, more than a mere surmise.

A Dream of Life

I stand upon these rugged coasts,
And see the sails afar,
Which carry out the hopeful hosts,
To that lone star.

That rose with healing in the wing,
Amid mysterious might—
Amid the songs the angels sing,
And flung his light.

Across the tideless, Stygian stream,
Whose shores of death shone red,
With age's tangled hope and dream,
There lying dead.

And stirred the dead with future life—
That future life began,
When earth rolled from chaotic strife,
A home for man.

I see the way those sails have run,
That carried all those hosts,
Who stirred to life beneath the sun
That lights these coasts.

I see some tired, who wish to sail;
They wait the homeward trip;
And murmur at each shore blown gale
Against the ship.

To these the star, a sun becomes,
And in the golden light
There rises palaces for homes,
Out of the night.

They see in all those trails of light,
That lay across the streams—
Of change, that fills the heart with fright—
Rebuilded dreams.

A Xmas Trenody

O, Jesus, are thou still the Christ?
The centuries are fled—
So long O Lord, since in your tryst
The living and the dead—
Were met with you in life's immortality,
Beholding in your face Eternity.

The lonely years without a Lord,
Save that one in a frame
And under writ "He is the sacred Word,"
Come fall upon his name;
O Lord as Mary leaned against thy breast,
We too, would lean and there find Christmas rest.

The sweep of time and play of years
Are o'er the voiceless tomb,
For only thou looked through our fears,
To see beyond the gloom—
What never yet our mortal eyes fell on—
The purple east of everlasting dawn.

A baby sleeps beneath the snow,
And there a mother weeps.
And only given her to know
How through our sorrow creeps,
To see through faith thy face dear Lord,
A vision that is faltered in the barren word.

Two thousand years have wasted since,
Above the desert's dust,
Amid the mystics came a prince
And held the futures trust.
Upon a cross where perished sin and shame
He struck a new and kindlier altar flame

And this is all! Yes all of Him.
The long, long, weary years,
Have made his holy face grow dim,
Dim like remembered tears.
The Season yet is here and childhood's glee
Is one resounding echo of Eternity.

The Moods of Mercy

A gentle spirit and divine revenge
Are brooding, like a mother's love above
Her burying place; o'er all the world. The winds,
That wail the tempest's voice from yonder home
Where thunder keeps a place and makes his fire
In tongues of flame, re-echo pleadings tones
Of man in tears. (The voice of mercy drown'd
Beneath tumult of harpies of the clouds.)
But Hope o'er these is capable, and man
May rise in faith and build again his house.
When human hate is spent, a scar of fate,
In just one flash is burned upon the soul—
A fellow man is hurt—the earth nor hell
Can dim the sign, "This wrong was done by Man."

However done,
In hate, in carelessness, unholy pride
Can never stay, whenever tried, the flail

Of just revenge. Whoever makes his moods
In Mercy's holy realm, to fix his fame
On fallen men, will fail. His feet will slip.
Wherever falls a man—there, too, hope fails.
And faith, defeated, lies prostrate; her face
Against the clouds. Omnipotence will hear;
And punish fratricides exalted so.

Hope in the broken breast,
With faith, bends mournfully above the tomb
Where sleep ambition's cherished dreams; and seeks
With vision's inner eye to find a star,
Whose light is falling gently on the dead—
The dead—those happy dreams—the comrades of
A lonely perished hour, when fate began
To be to man a more than silent friend.
Who would be coward strike a blow and make
The blood to run with tears; but know you strike
The pale pure face of Mercy, too.

How shameful of man,
Whom fate has favored with a spell of pow'r,
To sit above his fellow men and blast
Their best desires. The wives who ever keep,
As souvenirs of love, the bonds of faith,
Shall hold their aprons up to weeping eyes:
Their fevered hearts will know that man supreme
Can drive delight behind the frowning clouds

Of high authority. And children who
May climb the knee, the parent's kiss to have,
Shall look upon the faces drawn in woe.
Then from their own young lips the song will cease,
And die away like distant music on
Eolian harps by evening strung.

Hark! Nemesis now speaks:
She is a friend of Mercy and is true.
The man who in the service of his kind,
Can after time has done with him, look back,
And see the face of friendship beaming where
It was his lot to work, will surely know
That Nemesis and Mercy were but one,
The blood of Him who over all prevails.
Then calling him to destiny, he can
Face God, and go away from labor till,
Like scented flower hid amid the winds,
In dying that isn't death, he reaches home.

Irene

I was standing in the sunlight
As he threw his evening fuse
Cross the rolling, playing waters
To the city, Santa Cruz.

At my feet the ocean thundered,
High the voice rose here and there,
And the lips that love the mountains
Answered in the echo's blare.

On the winds the soul of flowers
Passed with free and pleasing grace,
With the ocean's pealing thunder
To a glorious sylvan place.

Sun's-fane fell and stars unnumbered,
O'er the City by the sea,
Hung their lamps to watch the slumber
Of the nodding pines and me.

In an old skiff by the landing,
I took my vigil stand;
Saw the moon's blood stain the water,
And the tide's path the sand.

Here I sat till midnight's order,
Bade the water's ranks retreat;

Then I rose to seek the city,
And in dreams my thoughts complete.

When a vision rose before us—
A rare exhilation free,
Rose and came and laughed a presciene,
Of a joy to come to me.

All the night I walked on wonder,
Up and down the vale of strife,
Just as stars fell dim and dying
And the day stood up in life.

While the mountains seemed as eye-brows
On the forehead of a dream,
And the bay as racy fancy ruffles
Tides to make its stream.

Yet the city lay in slumber,
With her head against the hill;
And the noisy voice of nature,
Drunk with dew, was hushed and still.

Saw the maiden of this vision,
Bright as stars that run the skies,
And she brought the joy of morning
Peeping through her glorious eyes.

Irene (the morning vow.)
Fair as May in rosy setting

Was the face of my Irene.
Standing in the early morning
By the sunlight's golden stream,
Gathered up the dark and tangled
Passing night;
And our dreaming that so bound us,
Hid them in her smile of light.

While the shimmer on her tresses,
Fallen from the youthful sun,
Looked like woven dark of mid-night
With some seams of gold-light run
In the fabric of the gloom.
Every air,
Playing there in whispers
Sung that my true love is fair.

Thus she came to me while passion
Quickened life's uplifting glame,
And the gladness on her features
Shown like clouds with sun aflame.
Hope's high dream our soul's enraptured
With a breath,
And our lips held loving congress
While we whispered, "until death."

Soft as dew falls on the water,
Or the mist on dale and chine,
Gentle as a bud's unfolding.

Sweet to me as sun made wine—
Is the myth the morning found me,
By the sunlit stream,
Robed in tangled fancy's velvet,
And the mystery of dream.

Ideal Presence

PERSONIFICATION

She brought a frame of Ideal Presence,
Out of the viewless space,
And through it looked emotion
With its halo veiling her face.
And Oh I thought of the world behind her,
The place of her sweet retreat
Where tides of passion forever,
Break on a beach at her feet.

"Can you see?" was a Godess speaking?
"This beautiful, beautiful place?
Here Burns and Mary are crooning,
On the azure stairs of space."
O now I know the unwritten story—
Of the world that ever seems,
To come in her smile with its glory,
And creep in my heart in dreams.

Sweet, Sweet, tender notes,
O'er the swells of welcome rime,
From her voice that fleeingly floats
On the torn out pieces of time,
Is music, whose thralling tone,
In her lips as I press,
Imprison my own * * *
In holy joyousness.

Sweet singer sing me to heaven.
Back on your glory trace,
Woman, Woman! This way from Eden;
And ever press your face,
To the door of templed air,
So I will come up to you,
On the steps of the azure stair—
That rests on the Opals in dew.

Kokogee

I see afar
A fairy star
  And in the light that streams
Across the space,
  I frame my hopes and dreams
On her red face.

Along the trail,
At every camp,
  This red maid came to me,
When stars grew pale
  Her weary tramp
Would end to her triumphantly.

And Kokogee,
My own red heart,
  Has crossed the trail to see
The vales that part,
  Our own dear fen,
  And watching asks us when?

My Dream Face—The Form of Love

Dream, O Dream! For Earthly pleasures
When the form of love eludes,
Fall, as fall the ghostly shadows,
On the forests solitudes.
Hear an anguish unrelenting,
Turns to joy and learns to know,
One, unseen, Yet who is living,
In my life of cherished woe.

Years, long years, a sleeping beauty.
Lay before my anxious gaze;

All this time I have been looking,
Through an irridescent haze;
Looking for her perfect features,
By the light my passions threw—
On her hidden blush of glory,
That my intuition knew.

Longing, longing, while I treasure,
All I know, within my breast;
And her dim defined picture,
To my hungry lips is pressed.
Looking for a face as tender,
As the lily's in the light,
When the Moon displays her splendor,
On its lips that kiss the night.

Woman's? No, a face of girl-hood.
She I missed amid a throng,
As I stood entranced with rapture,
While a Siren sung a song.
She was there, I felt her presence,
Soft as velvet of the flowers,
Wooing, though unseen, I passed her,
And the life that should be ours.

As I seek, I often ponder,
If her beauty and her grace,
May not come in living splendor—
On some other maiden's face.

Yet, I know the wish must vanish;
For that face her youth refined,
Left me as the day leaves darkness,
And my boy-hood eyes are blind.

Gentle as a bud's unfolding,
To the Morning's virgin light,
On my lonely hours and longing—
Comes a dream of her to night.
In the lamp flare features gather,
Dimly, shadow forth, in Norm,
And I seem, at last to hold her
In my heart's endowed form.

Songs

The birds have come with their songs of the South,
To hold their jubilees;
And join the wind in filling its mouth
With musical mysteries.

We hear their songs and make up our own,
Our sad, sad trenodies,
That cry of pain and died in a moan,
And love's sweet melodies.

Where are these tones before they are sent,
To lips that sing of pain?
Are they the echoes of a lament,
Of some who lived in vain?

Are melodies that thrill us to peace,
The music others bring,
When life is lived that finds a release,
In harmony we sing?

I reach my hands to her through a song,
She used to sing to me;
And beg her soul to save me from wrong,
To love's sweet melody.

To Helen Hunt Jackson

Where a vigil, kept by them,
Who have made a diadem,
For a woman fair and free—
As the soul of melody;

Mountains bend a shadow bow
On the ev'ning's purple glow,
As the sun's relucent light
Throws a glory over night.

On a jag'ed range where snow
Starts the rivers on their flow,
Linger last the golden beams,
Soft as when a baby dreams.

And as moon-light o'er the crest,
Like a silver blanket prest,
On the mountain's fastness creeps,
Helen goes up there and weeps.

But her song the west will own—
Sing it where she made her throne;
Tame the echoes of the range,
To her words so rare and strange.

Words that wove the west in lore,
Fair as faces gloated o'er.
There where mountain spirits roam,
Helen Hunt is now at home.

The Divinest Thing

Oh, sing me no song of heaven,
  Nor passion of lovers who weep;
But trill me a lullaby given
  By mothers to baby asleep.
'Tis good to see lovers wooing,

And kissing the lips of life's morn;
But grander, diviner the cooing,
Of a mother to her first new-born.

O, glorious God born rapture!
Here nature blooms its sweetest and best,
And joys high wines colature
Are brewed in a young mother's breast.
Why sing of lovers and passion;
Of love's gay laughter and kiss?
The song has grown old in fashion,
While mother's love is still true bliss.

Venus

Yonder in the heavens,
By the raging flame of Mars,
Stays a royal maiden,
And her robe is golden,
Ruffled with the stars.
And the falling of her tresses
In the shimmer of the light,
Lays the features of the morning
On the dying face of night.

In a world of loving,
By the hearth of every home,
Smiles this royal maiden,
As in times of olden,
On the soul's eternal Rome.
And the gladness in her features
Fills the life with wild delight,
Giving Earth its highest pleasure,
Queen of love and smile of night.

Love

This is a happy, happy time:
This is a healthy, healthy clime:
This is a merry, merry rime:
And this fair state
Belongs to man to make sublime,
And penetrate.

Beyond the ways that lie along—
The paths where only in our song—
We've found the past has wandered wrong—
In seeking wealth,
We go for man is rich and strong
With love and health.

An idle King in robes of state,
May sit a throne and oft relate,
The stories of the ancient great,
Of crime refined.
But see amid the clouds they aviate—
The Kings of mind.

How long can man respect a King,
Who is the shame the ages fling—
Upon the present? Who will sing
The King's great name,
While soaring yonder on the wing
Is better fame,

How long can justice stay the hand,
That comes to write for every land,
Anew the laws as rights expand
Before the mind?
Will not the future nobly stand
For all mankind?

The miles of space above the earth
Are full of voice today, The birth
Of modern mind in its own worth
On time and space,
Has made a larger world. Its girth—
The human race.

Amid the clouds that bring the night,
The cities stand in flaring light,
Against the skies, a rhetoric bright
Of man's disdain—
To every challenge of his might,
He would obtain.

Yet, across the dim life line,
The threading ways objectives line,
Man seeks in vain. His race repine
Is spirit still—
The voice of heart—the voice divine,
And not the will.

Within is love—the mystic tie.
The pictures in the heart that lie,
Of all the lengths of earth and sky
That we invade,
Are faces seen as we go by—
They never fade.

So you again have only said,
In words of love to h——h's dead.
But in the world above your head
"I love thee still"
Is being of the heart, not dead.
Death is of will.

Of all man's fame how idle all,
To give him happiness? The pall
Must cover, like the snows that fall
Upon the flow'rs,
The best he does. His farthest call—
To hidden pow'rs.

The providence of forms to meet:
The providence of their retreat:
The providence where Spirit greet,
Unseen to cling,
In love and passions strange grown sweet;
Of these I sing.

The Song We Never Sing

There is a song we never sing,
Yet music is its voice.
It is the Genus over everything,
That makes the soul rejoice.

The house-wife sings a single verse,
She knows no other part,
With all there is to her she holds commerce
And hums a rhythm of the heart.

The plowman on his way afield,
His burden lighter grows,
Because he too in joy has learned to yield,
This minstrel of repose.

The laborer and the milk maid meet,
Behind the great red barn,
And there they tell of hopes and dreams so sweet—
That music chants their yarn.

While passing I heard a woman sing,
A lay of this great tune,
(As rocking to and fro) to her offspring
Her words of joy "croon, croon."

So every where in mart and hall,
In victory and reverse—
Who stands above the storms or ever fall,
Will feel to sing a verse.

Above all other moods, and free
From everything that's vain,
In every heart, weeps out this ministry
To anguish and to pain.

Above all other moods and free
When soul to soul ahoy,
We run to greet this singer on the sea,
And land with faith and joy.

Old Man, It's True

Every man has absent loves,
He never will relate,
The sweets he drinks when e'er he moves
Amid the past all passionate.
When o'er his face, it may be gray,
Some pleasure in a smile will creep,
Remember this, he sees another day,
And bends to kiss the other love to sleep.

Woman—she is free; she loves but one,
The present only touches her.
When once she loves, her all is done,
At once and all, she is a worshipper.
Those smiles that seem to chase
Each other like the poet's rhyme,
Across her little wifey face,
Are children of "one only time."

Mystic Love

You can make the future bring,
All the hope has made for me,
Then upon the offering,
Let me hold my love to thee.
O, Great God, let me caress;
  Me caress,
In her form all loveliness;
  Loveliness.

While with you a wonderment,
Like a heaven overhead,
Flecked with stars and perfect bent
Over all my life is spread.
O, the mystic spell you throw,
  Spell you throw,
On my heart's life do you know?
  Do you know?

Close, O close, your person press,
And my very being hold;
In a lover's love caress;
With a lover's love be bold.
Love is being's upward flight—
  Upward flight,
In the radiance of light;
  In the light.

May I feel your spirit cling,
To my soul in joyousness,
While your lips are muttering
Passion's playful carlessness?
O, the glory of the soul;
  Of the soul.
When emotion's tides o'er roll—
  All the soul.

Let me see into your eyes—
For a picture of myself—
Drawn in that supreme surprise—
When your soul became myself—
And the picture draw anew—
  Draw anew—
Picture of myself in you;
  Draw anew.

Give, O give, your lips to mine;
Lips that sweetly taught me love;
Press them hard for passion's wine,
To intoxicate my love.
Come, my lovely one, again,
  Once again.
Lest you come, my life is vain;
  Life is vain.

But my love to life is dead.
To my spirit home she'll bring,

When to earthly joys I'm dead,
Her great heart and everything.
I can feel her wooing me;
Wooing me;
Through the mists of mystery,
Wooing me.

The Voice of Kissing

The smack of a kiss,
Of sweetened bliss
Is the voice of holy passion;
The word of a creed
Whose loving seed
Is sown in olden fashion.
And sowers may weep,
A wild love to sleep,
Yet hear the echo of passion.

At pleasure and you,
What memories look through,
The lips as they speak in meeting;
The woes that perplex
In thrill of sex
Are rent like the clouds and as feeling,
On all things calling—
To death from youth's early greeting.

Old nature will pout,
When feeling wears out,
And ask "Does love kill faith living?"
But who will not cling,
To joys that spring,
When sex stood lovely, inviting?
And seek for the eyes
That look out of skies
Where Jehovah is relenting?

O joy of the thought.
When our loving wrought,
The spell of birth and of feeling;
And opened to view,
To me and you,
A world for hearts own creating.
A sweep and a birth
And the best of earth
Is felt in passions unfolding.

An Antithesis of Life

Twas in the Night and all around,
A silence seemed to close—
About the time, without a sound,
The day with sweet repose.

And when the Moon in silvery sheen,
Illumed the darkened skies—
My soul passed thro' the dreamer's ken.
And gave of his surmise.

Before my eyes two men appeared:
They came as tho' they sought,
My pen to write 'how they appeared
In life as they had wrought.'

While one bore marks of storms in life:
He did not hesitate,
But told his tale of living strife,
"A fearful fight with fate."

His childhood heard wars wild aclaim,
Strike terror to the soul:
And list'ning to the tramp of fame,
Like thunder's mighty roll,

He felt the fall of mother's tears—
Upon his infant face;
So that in all the after years,
His destiny would trace—

Across the fields where heaps of dead,
Were piled as ricks of wood,
Until he leaned where Father's bled,
And then he understood.

His heart was right; his labor fair,
But all he touched would turn,
To ashes and his honest care,
Would haunt and hurt and burn.

His every fault—a child could trace;
No cunning could he hide,
But wore his worth upon his face:
His weakness ne'r denied.

A stranger found his humble board,
A royal place to feed:
This son of birth beneath the sword,
Was friend to them in need.

The other man was white with age;
His words he measured quite,
As tho' he feared that to engage,
My pen was hardly right.

His was a life amid the best,
The social class can give:
And as he walked the way out west
His charities would live.

To brighten gifts that come from pelf;
Like fountains of the plains,
That gush and run, he hid himself—
Beneath some borrowed rains.

His speech to me was but pretense;
His life was mockery.
And crouching in the recompense,
He plead his treachery.

Then standing by the monument,
Erected as his stone,
I read on it the testament,
His dupes gave to atone.

Atone to him for what he stole;
They thought they did him wrong.
And had he reached ambition's goal,
His fame had rolled in song.

Unmarked the grave of him, whom birth,
Had hobbled when a child;
He slept beneath a patch of earth
Where briers growing wild—

Made monument that fitted well,
With what his life had been.
He knew of pain; of earthly hell:
No glory had he seen.

Hypocracy! How often you pay.
When honety must fail,
Because of what some others say—
Makes fame or slander's tale.

O, some may live and hide their shame;
Succeed and live in ease;
Hypocracy give them a name,
And coin that wants appease.

While others toil as best they may—
Their faces ever wet,
With tears unspent of yesterday,
The ages won't forget.

O MYSTERY! How stern in life?
How partial when you will?
You give to some a field of strife;
With pleasures, others fill.

Pome

The harness man has on nature,
Is not on right.
The collar chokes on the hill we climb,
So that no where in all the time
Are burdens light.

The notion old, if low and false, why?
"Its age is test,"
The lie we quote is the treason wrote,
Against the sense of them who wrote—
For man the best.

The workmen on the highway toiling,
Their hods for good,
Are running o'er in the lap of greed.
Beneath the hods the shoulders bleed
For brotherhood.

Ye toilers in this heavy going,
Who give your form—
To bearing all that the schemes impart
To time that robs the human heart
Of God-like NORM—

Awake and find a way that's better,
The races right;
Fit harness so that the wounds will heal!
That needless burdens fall, and feel
The load is light.

Self Alone

Did you ever sit upon the shore
And contemplate the sea;
Listen, to the breakers roar;
Watch the creation of the moonlight in the foam,
Breaking on the sand when dreams come home?

Have you been alone upon the plain,
  And wondered at the mystery—
Of expanse where sky makes vision vain:
  Watching as you rode, the minstrelsy
Nature puts upon her naked breast,
  In her vast silence—her world of rest?

Upon mountain ranges have you stood,
  Lone as a single foam at sea,
And felt the soul of their great solitude—
  The dreamless sleep of eternity?
Yea, have you been alone, at all alone—
  To know that separation is in undertone?

Race life we live, yes all of us, Not all
  May hear the higher, sweeter strains
Where waves on waves in music fall
  Against a rocky beach. The lonely plains
Are peopled for the lords of mind,
  And music hangs a harp on every wind.

Invasion

Beyond this place, familiar to our hand,
This place where every touch we understand,
Out there, whereon forever rests our land;
  Invisible to eyes that see
Alone the plains where visual things expand,
  Invasion seeks eternity.

No more the sunset purple, like a dress,
Is folded up amid a wilderness—
Of stars that wait through night, the dawn's caress
  Upon the gray-lipped mouth of morn:
Today we know, though darkness here, no less
  Is gold on other fields of corn.

Though words, half dreams and half the recompense,
Of labor that we give to things of sense,
  Hold ever, with a grip of fate, suspense
In figures formed in fancy's name—
  Now over them, nor reck the consequence,
We shape our lonely course to fame.

Not only words, but ways to please in rhyme,
By forms of stanzas 'round the tone and time,
Of ancient people and an alien clime,
  Retard our upward, outward reach,
While daring scorn to know the new sublime,
  And from a new and better speech.

Today no continent invites the brave
To find a pagan people he may save.
The shadow of the cross falls on a slave,
  Whose bleeding feet are set apart
To cross the nations lying in the grave—
  Made in the race's open heart.

At Valley Forge, amid the tents of snow
A spirit wept within the soldier's woe;
And in the heart of him who faced his foe
  Began a dream—a new content—
The hero held a home in every blow,
  He made his home the continent.

All this is past, no more can ever be,
A battlefield, where weeping liberty—
Shall call her sons to arms to fight to free
  The underlings of tribe and clan:
A meaning wrote our page, a history,
  And eloquent "the rights of man."

Yet workmen in the fields and marts of trade,
Beneath the burdens of the world are made
To turn aside, nor seek where rights pervade,
  That but the favored few shall find.
And only in the world of art, invade—
  The rebels of the heart and mind.

Beholding things the stone age man fought for
We laugh, we laugh and wonder at his war.
His caves show woman's bones behind his, far,
  About that deep and good impress,
As night that gathers close about a star,
  Has hung a human wilderness.

Upon a throne exalted sits a thing,
And wears a robe and crown, we call him king;
All speech for him; for him the poets sing—
  The poets (pity them) enroll
Their lines among imperial bickering,
  To give the monstrous state a soul.

Above the mountains rise—
Empurpled range—
On range, of clouded skies—
Before our waiting eyes,
Again for our surprise—
Behold the change.
Within the soul's retreat—
No words are said:
Forever words repeat—
How life and death will meet;
And Poets only greet—
The past—the dead.

But over the world a Prophet is weeping,
A weird, wild trenody;
In the heart of the Race a spirit is keeping,
Love, and the heart of the race is weeping,
For all, the poor and small
And the pitying melody
Is crying at last, at last, to all.

The Dream

The archers o'er night's ramparts had begun
To shoot the golden arrows of the sun;
A dreamer slowly waking found that he
Had wandered to some future century.
He dreamed he saw a maiden fair,
With eyes of sky and softest sun-kissed hair,
Come down full armed from out the rising sun
And smiling thus a poem sung:

"To touch with labor's hand
The earth's rich soil,
Gives rogues a reprimand
And fame to toil.

For who would beggar be.
Ask ought of clan;
Or seek in misery
To hide the man.

For man the Savior died,
The weary worn
For whom the angels vied,
Base tyrants scorn.

For man were heroes torn.
From his sweat brow,
To lift the crown of thorn,
And freedom grow.

Then who would better feel
When mothers cry!
For helpless offspring's weal,
And babies die.

For bread and homely fare,
God meant them wealth;
But greed will have its share,
Greed loves their death.

But Him who gave his life
For all mankind,
Draws forth the sword of strife
To free the mind."

Then pointing ot our histry's fame,
She laid her head on a holy name;
She pressed it close with sky-born lips,
And touched his heart with finger tips,
That never tyrant's hands laid on,

She breathed the name of Jefferson,
Who bade the kneeling serf to stand,
A regal soul in a regal land.
She lingered long at Lincoln's name,
She kissed again, again his lofty fame,
And pointed to the noble track
Of him who dared to free the black.
Then coming to a group of fiercer men,
We thought she'd pale and frown, but when
She smiled and threw from her rosy lips,
A burning fame on her finger tips—
The features of a divine and Christian soul.
We standing mute and fame beheld
A sitting down on Bryan, Tillman, and Altgeld;
The man who dares to dream of freedom's fall,
As sovereign right on great and small.
She wrapped in her shimmering skein
The hero's soul, patriot's fame,
And hung them on the horns of time,
And placed these men on their country's shrine,
Above the Tyrant's hateful fling,
From whence their truth speeches ring
Chimes of Liberty.
The maid has gone but the golden way,
Through which she went will ope' some day,
And on its fame and justice name,
The poor will walk and hold commerce
With the maiden's love and holy verse.

A Foolish Rhyme

The present age is lost in lust;
  Our glory hides within a name;
A revel feeds a lords' distrust;
  The poet asks for Knight's-hood fame.
The messengers who bring the fire—
To kindle man with high desire,
  Return, retake the sacred flame,
  While here we fuss about a name.

O, listen to old songs sublime;
  See Pegasus with bleeding side;
A slander hunting peevish rhyme
  A dirty spur of royal pride.
"The woman with a serpents' tongue
Who is not old, who is not young,
  The coward with the coward pen."
Is this the best estate of men?

There is no merit in the pen
  That wrote a woman's "serpent-tongue,"
Nor in the pencils of men
  Who call her "slander'd" when she's sung
The Poet's thrilling, tralling art
Sends Pity's beauty to the heart—
  And clinging there in sweet embrace
  Peeps through a smile on our own face.

To the Poets

Who wakes the world with song,
  By genius interlaced,
Helps God to move along
  The way that destiny is traced.
Nor need he think of play,
  With Christ he must be classed,
Nor joy nor peace nor light of day,
  Till duty in his life is passed.

Man is a God-child, with Deity
  Must stand the stress of earth;
For in his breast eternity
  In finite form has birth;
His very modes of thought
  In which he wars with plan,
Are but the sentiments enwrought
  Of God alive in man.

But in these modes eternity is known.
  The future bends to kiss the brow
Of princes born to endless throne,
  That with the world's great grief is aching now.
A light that only God can give,
  A joy and peace, unsullied bliss,
Are all the heritage of those who live
  And feel Jehovah's only kiss.

Weep on, ye singers of the earth;
Who bear the burdens of the world;
The secrets of your life, your birth,
From God's own joy is hurled—
To open on your hearts at last,
In all that mystery inspires,
Into your melody, when you have passed,
A heaven of your mad desires.

A Soldier's Dream

Take me back to loyal Kansas,
Boys, the state will make it right;
Lay me where the winds make dirges
O'er the soldier's grave at night.

Where the fields are undulated
With waves of golden grain;
And the foam of native flowers
Makes a serf along the plain.

Where, along the winding streamlets,
Sun-flame Orioles will nest,
Singing sweetly with the waters;
There my comrades let me rest.

Our Child

On the pretty face
Of this child idol had grown,
Sweet and fair a grace
As ever an angel has sown.

On her pretty hair
The sun hung his burnished skein.
And the tangle there
Shown like the evening sky's soft flame.

Vicissitudes

'Tis sad that after sailing storms of life,
Then reach a rugged, lonely coast.
What 'vails the victories of your strife?
What FATE assails you most?
Ah! ('tis self cast in angry, ugly tone)—

Where songs of mother-hood were but a groan,
The thunderings of war re-echoed from the womb.
Yea, more than singing messengers of love
Will DEMONS tug you ever to the tomb,
Despite the movings from above.

I would I knew that God were just. Then pride
That waits for victory would love the time I died.
How void is life, when hope is dead?
Then fill it full of pain and find,
The truth of what within these lines I've said.

The misery and woe that wounds your kind.
"Some time we'll know" you make me smile.
Forsooth, "tis now the blind to blind,
That Phantom lilt that may beguile"
Begs aid to light the mind.

Silence's Dream

Where silence dreams as one who sleeps,
Abated care,
That o'er us ever sweeps—
Was banished there,
I lay me down beside a stream—
And soon passed in the silence's dream.

And there I lived where not a breath,
Of air awoke—
The stillness, still as death,
Until I spoke:
I spoke, 'twas but a mocking moan;
For fame was dead. I was alone.

Into my dream there always came,
From out the skies,
A purple floating flame—
That changed my eyes;
So that I saw within the flame,
The scarlet form of fancy's fame.

The lure she long had cast on me,
Was embers where—
Once bold emblazenry
Had made me dare—
To empty life of it's rich store;
So love could lust for her no more.

Within the vision one withstood,
With gentle hand,
The dying of the solitude.
To her command—
A bow of life shone out to me—
A smile on living revelry.

From rest and dream and pulseless ease,
With hope for strife—
And passions melodies—
I woke to life,
I joined her song and then we sang,
So that the throat of Echo rang.

Thus face to face with every fate,
Nor would I bend—
My course nor hesitate,
For self to lend,
Though it were steel and red with blood,
The means for change. Nor wrong for good.

Around me are the symphonies,
That feed the heart—
And wake the mind from ease,
To rythmic art,
Wherein the soul new worlds intrude
And wakes the sleeping solitude.

The man who will defy his race,
And destiny,
For somewhere is the face,
That does portray—
The gift none other e're can own—
His birth en-role, will reach his throne.

So here I end Olympic's clime.
The mountain side—
Is still of every rhyme
And every pride—
Lies broken on the rugged steep—
Left where the poor invaders sleep.

The lines of Fate's relentless dare,
That threat and call,
Of madness and despair—
A living thrall,
Shall give and write for me above—
Them all—a deathless name—man—love.

The Muse of Santa Cruz

Walk the streets of Santa Cruz,
Hear the roses whispering
Echoes of the Niad's muse—
Perfumed lips a holding them.
Then—come flat-faced to the shore,
See the storm child ride each wave;
See the child of sun and sea—
In iridescent lave,
It's grand enough for me.

Sit there just to hold and when
Each wave comes a tuggin' in
Like 'twould break the very shore,
Then fall back murmuring
As a chided petted child,
Then there comes an arrow bright,
From the sun set free;
In the wound a rain-bow bleeds—
My soul laughs and feeds,
It's grand enough for me.

The Roosevelt Dam

The Prophet's eye beheld afar arise,
From dust and burning sand and clouds of smoke;
And rivers of the fevered mind's disguise,
New homes upon the plains where rivers broke.

He heard a murmur of the restless deep—
Across the desert's waste and fiery plain;
And voices of the winds that would not sleep,
Till waters flowed across those plains again.

At his command the mountain floods are kept,
So from the fields below the harvest springs:
The Ages where potential joys have slept,
Resound, refrains from new eolic strings.

The Prophet saw this glory yet to be;
And Roosevelt heard the Urim, Thummim, last—
These from the silence of eternity—
Are lifting homes to view from the desert's fast.

Goodbye, Strange World, Goodbye

I speak to you as manly men:
A human name I conjure in;
Now look upon this wasted form,
A broken column of your sin.

Behold, how white I am,
No more a breath can stain
My person as I sweep along
Your world of greed and pain.

From death I speak to you,
A place where I enlarge,
I ask you now behold the waste
For which you made your charge.

You had me sin and pay:
For pay you winked at wrong,
And when you came to see me die,
But not to weep—to sing a song.

Just keep the silver that I gave,
As license of my trade.
When e're I wronged a man,
Your money 'twas I made.

And while I sleep, O pity God!
So far my feet have carried me
From where my childhood learned
A human, Holy melody—

And while I sleep you look,
To find and hunt her down,
Another girl like me with coin,
And earned upon the town.

But in the silence think of this—
Just as the sun arose one time
A girl's small life went out
In your own City's crime.

The Night

The way-ward watch the fading grey,
That looses in the west:
The closing eye, the weary day,
Turns on a naked breast.

There keeps the fire of passions fane;
With lust in love's disguise.
Men there their first admission gain—
And look into her eyes—

Who is the Nymph and spirit elf,
That hides in smiles of light—
Who fawns upon the better self—
The Queen of sin—the Night.

The day is done and on the world,
Fate throws the curtains down.
Behind them now, the palls unfurl'd—
Red bannered o'er the town.

The Harlot's yell amid the spell—
Of drunken orgies
Is her wild word above the spell
Of man's debaucheries.

The sale of flesh where Demons rush—
To bid the victims in
Is on this night with Hell's red blush—
On gluttony of sin.

O man! O maid! hear thou this rhyme
Which calls to you in shame.
It is the voice relentless time
Is calling out your name.

The Mocking Birds

Hear those liquid, mellow notes
Sung by rebels from the south,
And the running tone that floats
Makes a treason in the mouth.
Listen, to the revel and the raving
In the riot of their song.
See their spotted wings go waving,
Notes of music borne along.

There is one that has been singing—
Day and night and night and day,
Passions of the south are ringing,
Of the people's toil and play.
Listen! now he tells you in a tone
Of a widow's wrong
And he makes you hear her moan,
In his sorrow song.

Now he's tender in emotion,
For his little throat is lent
To the words of love's devotion—
He is but the instrument.
Listen! love is lingering,
Words of promise seal the bliss
You can hear the offering.
Passion's language is the kiss.

Gone to join the other birds;
Broke his song amid the notes.
But I can understand the words
Waving in the tone that floats;
"We are from the Sunny South
"And we sing our songs as free
"As the winds great mouth
"Moans its melody.

An Idyl of the True

Tell me not your mournful number,
Sage! that sees all Idyls vain;
And believes the soul is dead in slumber;
That all loving leads to pain.
Hush! look through the purple ending
Of the sun with drippling light
On the day, that slowly bending
Lays its length along the night.
There it lays its length along the night.
Where the light is turned to gold.
And the beauty held in sight,
Formed the features we behold,
Sinks in Radium's pink and blue—
In a smile returns to view.

Sage, your speech is only spoken,
Idle words of discontent,
For my being bends as bonds are broken
Of a friendship that has spent.
That has spent its force like moonbeam
Falling on the desert's dusty face.
Ah! like coaxing fairies of a boy's dream,
That escape the fanes his fancies trace.
You deny me all the pleasure,
Others seem to hold, caressed
By the heart's whole treasure
While the creeds of old are pressed
On my soul; you call it fate.
'Tis a lie I loathe and hate.

Softly strains of distant music,
Liquid as the water's echoed hours,
Falling in the hush and silence—
Of the night on flowers,
Break across the wide abyss,
She is singing rythmed music
Of her world to this.
Sage, of old, I would seek
That one born to be with me.
Let the way be e're so bleak,
She alone can solve this mystery.
She is like a perfume rare
On a lip of breathing air,

Or as fancy makes her seem
Radiant creature of my dream.
And this widowed maiden—
Widowed but for me, is singing
"In the distant Aidenn."
Down the star-way flinging
Beauty's soul to me—
Beauty down to me.

No Lenore is fading on my sight;
No raven croaking never more;
No day of promise turned to night;
No ominous thing do I implore.
But a rare and radiant maiden
That loves me where I go
Who from her distant Aidenn
Leaves me not, as she left Poe
Walking here alone,
By his dark tarns in a world of moan.
God is God and He has said,
That He will conquer wrong,
And I see above the dead,
Her who sings and makes me strong.

Along the Cimarron

So soon forgot those days of old?
Yes, old they seem,
A passing dream and never told.
The sinking sun; the evening blaze,
The water's gurgled tone,
And star-lit shimmer on the haze—
Along the Cimarron.

The spreading plain and winding trail,
I see them still—
Beyond the hill and down the vale.
The camp-fire smoke above the scene.
Of my last rest alone,
Has melted in the purple sheen—
Along the Cimarron.

At that last camp, up from the brush,
Wild west wind came
And offered game, then in the hush
That sorrow brings to parting friends,
The red girl, sobbing 'lone,
Hid in the dusk the darkness sends,
Along the Cimarron.

In memory I reach my hand
To her and see,
What used to be when this plow'd land,
Enslaved and torn by toil for man;
And to the alien sown,
Was hunting ground and cow-trails ran—
Along the Cimarron.

Unroll my blankets for a sleep,
In their enclose,
The west's repose is rich and deep;
The Oratorios—the Orient
Sings sorrow to atone.
But there was singing, innocent,
Along the Cimarron,

The spirit of the open west,
Her gladsome lay
Was to the day upon her breast,
And in the night she sang to rest,
In crooning, tender tone,
The cow-boy whom the wild caress't—
Along the Cimarron.

The Mystery of Woe

The Demon comes with his caress,
Man loaned him in retreat,
And our own frenzies of distress—
We fancy, is divine defeat.

Yet make believe, our heart will heal—
And leave no after scar;
That distance lends to all we feel,
As what we see, as looks a star.

But this is right, if other wise—
Our sense of things disclosed,
The most we live we should despise
And curse the fallacies imposed.

But what is this, this living so—
That out of death we find,
What ever joy we know—
Is of the woe we have refined?

'Tis this, that like warm ashes blown,
A flame again will glow,
And in the flare what once was known
Is joy, the body burned was woe.

Across the desert's fevered face—
A fellow's shadow fell;
A smile was playing on his face,
While walking Gilla's horrid Hell.

And one went out amid a storm;
Within the blizzard groped;
There battled with the blasts—his form
Was bent with woe, and yet he hoped.

The hope that does retrace the past;
And faith to stand the pain,
Forever bolts the blizzard's blast,
The desert's flame and fiery rain.

Yes, every source of joy is woe—
And all of life so mixed,
That sorrow dies that we may know—
Beneath its form, our peace is fixed.

Think not this a little round,
That we are weak and small;
Love breaks the silence and the sound,
Becomes a Vesper and a call.

Dying Memmon

You stand and sing while souls are dying—
See! brigandage rob the life
Of hope and joy, whose banners, waving,
Where heroes stand in strife.
What is the thing you most desire
Away from war lines leaping fire?

Ah! smitten lips of Memnon, Egypt crying—
To innocence unborn,
While in the Nile our babes are dying.
To monsters, see! their flesh is sworn!
What is the thing you most desire
Away from war lines leaping fire?

True Irish Hearts

I'll stand no slur of the Pope,
No orange will I smell;
But perfume from old Ireland's bogs
And shamrocks I love well.

We walked up and down the street,
We walked down again;
His name was Pat Maloney, sir,
And mine was only Tim.

We stepped into a liquor place
To wash the slobbers down;
And then went out with sleeves rolled up
To take the little town.

O, Pat was at his best,
With fourteen drinks within;
But I'm a short built man,
And that's too much for Tim.

For now I'm in the county jail;
My eyes are both shut down.
For 'twas me that Pat was takin' in,
And not the little town.

Passion

Have you emotion? Feeling?
A spell of glee?
A pulse in your soul that is raging,
So joyously,
You are unable to express
More than a smile of its beingness?

If so, look out on being;
Out upon me.
I'm ready to share your loving

Sweet charity.
For passion unspent is a mood,
Of wasting of being in self solitude.

The only good of living,
Is to live free—
In sending out self through the feeling
Of sympathy.
This is the brooding we would express.
And is heard in the songs when souls confess.

Arrow of Arapahoe

The night had lost its frighted glame
And o'er its ramparts had begun—
The golden arrows of the sun
To fall, and falling, flame.

A warrior in his blankets lay,
He, dreaming, saw a brilliant star
Ablaze from heaven's camp afar,
Where valiant warriors are,
And in its light an arrow play.
He thought he saw the white man come
With thunder on his battle flame,
To fright the red man from his home,
And drive away his children's game.

Then loud-alarm the warwhoop rung,
Mad Wolf his trusty bow has strung,
And mounting horse, as he was young,
The battle-song he loudly sung,
The other braves to urge along,
The white man's blood run in his song.
Now down the plain they madly go;
The chief is anxious for the foe—
To meet the chief of golden hair,
In battle bold and even fair.

Lo, yonder rides that chieftain down;
And in the sun-like golden crown,
His yellow hair his forehead bound;
The thunder of his troopers' feet,
Made battle-music on the ground,
And crash on crash they meet
On the Washita.

The fury of the battle host,
Like Hell's own inspiration spread—
Of all the soldiers, he wrought most—
And raged till half of Mad Wolf's braves lay dead.
The glory of the plains fell on him there,
The white man's chief of golden hair.

The sun, behind the cloud, shone through,
And kissed the grass which, wet with purple dew
Reflected back a scarlet bow,

And from that bow, like vengeance came
The arrow of Arapahoe
And pierced through Custer's battle Fame.
The warrior felt his squaw's red hand
Unloose the blood-stained battle band.
His brow is cool and free from pain,
His muscles hard with sturdy strain;
With hatred in his upturned eye,
He sees the bow bent in the sky;
And yonder stays the beaming star,
Now burning on a northern war.

And sitting at his wigwam door,
He tells his little braves to share
The mother's place and Indian fare;
He's going north to seek the foe—
The warrior chief with the golden hair—
Who's fighting now 'neath the scarlet bow.

The march is o'er, the moon is full,
He hears the Little Big Horn flow;
Across the sky sprung scarlet bow;
The arrow of Arapahoe,
Is quivering on the frighted stream,
For yonder see the camp fires gleam,
And hear the song of Sitting Bull.

The wolf now feels his heart grow strong,
And in the night sings a battle song.

His limbs are tired, he fain would rest,
And while he sleeps, nemesis hunts his Indian breast.
He wakes amid the battle strain
And sees the white chief strike in vain;
Around the noble soldier fall
His troopers, one by one, he last of all.
And Mad Wolf looks with prophet eye
To see the bow that on the sky,
Which made when his own warriors stood
In battle 'gainst the yellow hair
And gave it color from their blood,
But now it stays no longer there.

The warriors from the field have gone—
The South winds kept this Indian there—
The North winds in low requiem moans,
Bade Aeolus to string with his golden hair
The evening harps for burial tones.

The Arapahoe as he went along
Found Custer mid his troopers slain,
And put his foot on the soldier's breast;
Then kneeling down in Indian grace—
"Great Spirit, our fight was not in vain."
The night's red campfire flamed the west;
The darkness fell on the upturned face—
Of the Indian's foe, the white man's friend.
Thus Mad Wolf's dream found mystic end.

Mary of Bethlehem

A Ruby ambient round the scene
  Is giving Autumn phase,
A scarlet purple in the scene
  Of rifted Indian summer haze;
While over all the echoes hold
  The silent voices that foretold
In Ancient story,
  That present pleasure and this sheen
Were figures of the love between
  Our passion's glory,
For in the play where passion keeps,
  A court and throne,
She moves and through the purple peeps
  A face—our own.

She has a dream of motherhood
  With sarcedotal power,
To be expressed in brother-hood,
  In one great tragic hour.
The azure beauty of the skies—
Is looking in the maiden's eyes,
  With prescient light;
And as she moves amid the scene,
She smiles the world's great faith and dream—

In hopes delight:
For unto her a voice has broke—
The silence—vast,
Whose Prophet's trenodies provoke,
The sorrow past.

The little path she travels o'er
Is writ, with sandaled feet,
The story that forever more
The centuries repeat.
The beauty of this scene of earth
Is 'round sweet girlhood, promised birth.

The purple dawn
Of everlasting light, behold;
Is skimmering the autumn gold
We're looking on,
This girl is walking there today
Around her form,
The purple bows of passion lay
Against the storm.

Oklahoma

Out here in Oklahoma,
Where the cotton pickers sing,
As they pluck the bulbs of snow, the summer gave,
From the prophecies of spring—
The autumn gold is drifting
In the simmer of the leaves.
And an Indian haze is lifting
'Mong the branches of the trees,
The purple painting Oklahoma breathes upon—
The landscape on her breast.
She is her lover's paragon,
Star-Goddess of the West.

The Song of Eighty-nine

"A home in Oklahoma,"
How loudly rang that line,
The boomers sang it, "Oklahoma,"
'Way back in eighty-nine.

The plains of Oklahoma,
Upon their virgin breast,
Made silence sing, in Oklahoma—
The glory of the west.

A home in Oklahoma
In your old home and mine,
Became our hope; to Oklahoma
We moved in eighty-nine.

The land of Oklahoma,
Where every race and clan
May speak one tongue, for Oklahoma
Is known to every man.

A home in Oklahoma,
A sentiment divine,
The nations sing it, "Oklahoma,"
The song of eighty-nine.

PART III.

THE APOSTATE
THE INDIAN IN COURT
GOD IS—IMMORTALITY IS A FACT
CONSCIOUSNESS

THE APOSTATE

There is but one world eminence. To it expectant hope looked in phophecy for ages. Back to it look the ages through history.

On that eminence, made memorable by the sacrifice of the Divine Man, a symbol of shame became the symbol of the earth's greatest glory.

On that hill of a Skull, where alone, the Man and a Woman, Mary of Bethany, wept in the dark for a world of sin. Sin found a conquerer.

There every Law known to man was broken or fulfilled. There every need of the Race found new doctrine on which to base a juster law.

In a world of war a prince of peace was lifted up and paid in full the penalty truth offered as the price of blood—there Mary kissing the blood from his wounded feet as the sun went out, midday, redemption came to mankind.

How beautiful were his words, words of gentleness and love. What wonderful sympathy found terms in

justice. Each way from the cross runs a stream of promise. And all that is good starts to live.

He called the moonlight on the sea;
And bade the water lily dream.
He brought the heart of sympathy,
In love's up-looking beam.

Just why every act that inherently causes man to look and honor, should have the strain of treachery on it is cause for serious speculations.

We shall find that every world act that achieved and achieves immortality and lifts its heroes forever up in the thrall is a God act. And that standing close to the chief actor on the side of right, stands the Apostate.

It was around an Altar, whereon dripping flesh was offered to God as sacrifice, that man's first blood was shed in crime. There it was that Cain, the Apostate to home and brother-love, heard first the Irrevocable law of banishment (for in the heart it is written—this condemnation against Apostacy).

From Moses to the silence that brooded over ex-

pectancy after Malachi, Apostacy was the rule of the world's Theocracy.

Judas the Apostate to Christ was near the Lord and kissed Him that others might know the one whom they sought.

The meeting of Jesus and Judas . . . the Savior and the Apostate.

Yet the "Sop" that Christ gave Judas did the treachery. Why?

Without the Apostate the Savior would not have died and the tragedy of the cross on the hill of a Skull would not have occurred.

Judas had felt Divine power; had driven unclean things and Devils out of others; he had felt the charm of the wonderful personality of Jesus. . . . Why did Judas—the trusted treasurer of Christ's meager exchequer—fail?

Without Judas, what?

It takes a greater character to be the true Apostate than it does to be a follower in the worn paths of

the familiar. Maybe the character will be evil but great nevertheless. Judas was great, the greatest individual of the race however evil we may consider him. This position is quite necessary in any view of the story.

If Christ was God, indeed then was Judas great, for he sold God and knew it, else it were not knowable. If Christ was an impostor, Judas followed him and was his friend and had therefore lost caste with all other forms of society. To sell his Master was then an act of self-exile. What could this demand of an individual? Remember the pretense was that of a God with man in the ACT. The world of that Theocracy of which Judas was a part, expected a wonderful Prophet, or The Christ. It means that a universe crashed before the eyes of a man and he alone felt the weight of his deed. He stood alone without class and knew he stood in a world act. He did what he did deliberately. His was the Victory of Evil. At the head of his class he stands today.

And as every prayer exalts Christ, so every prayer exalts Judas. For the exaltation of Jesus exalts the Apostate.

Judas knew all the time that Jesus was an extraordinary man—to Judas a Divine Man. To Judas the test had to come, for he saw evasion after evasion. He resolved therefore to lose himself and establish the Lord.

Again it must be remembered that to this time Judas has had no fair defense. The words of his enemies have been taken as conclusive of his guilt. And the fact of the object of prayer being opposed, shuts the door for trial.

Not once have men reasoned that for a man to kill a God can be no crime. If done, why done during a Providence? Then what? Answer this question and Judas is redeemed from calumny. NOTE the Answer.

By contrast man knows the objective about him. He knows this way by virtue of the fact that within him is twofold life. Experience is the under fact of contrast. The potential here invoked of inherent Nature. There is contrast, by nature, in man.

This is true and can be verified by all. Experimental philosophy leads us here.

To the believer I offer the word of God.

The text, Isiah, 45:7: "I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create EVIL. I the Lord do all these." Here is the answer.

The first thought that will occur to any one is, what is the relation exposed here as to man?

Man, of necessity, being finite, is subject to law, the law within him.

Judas in sorrow killed himself. The greatest Apostle of Christ turned APOSTATE, kissed his Lord to death, took upon his own name, infamy, and died.

Some day the sufferings of Judas will sweeten the world as do the kisses of Mary of Bethany.

Judas

. . . Within me is an inner self,
That looks beyond the range of Earth and time—
For things invisible. The way is closed:
And toiling in the dark, I falter, fall;
But rise and wander on. The inner URGE
Uplifts my failing strength, and on and on
I stagger up the hill, for hope inspires,
And rest invites my weary limbs.

The ways of other men are strange to me;
Their Loves and Friendships all, I must eschew;
They hear the shouts of victory for them;
And wild applause from fellow of their kind.

Behold a Hero home from war. . . .
Where blood was let for him, and what he is,
And Nations, rise, amid the Earth's butcheries.
The flags are red with blood. The world's a floor,
Of human bones, wept o'er and wet with tears.

Behold the Hero now, his throne is built;
And on it hangs a crown to show his power.
And gathered there, his marshaled hosts are bowed,
To give him praise. Amid the throng is merged,
The widows lately grieved by him. And some—
So tender that their speech has never formed.
And this is glory made of Man.

. . . So beautiful is life . . .
The fields are golden. All the plains are green.
The "Harvest Home" is come and blest is man—
The grapes hang purple at his door. The sun
Makes wine for him. The Courts of joy are full.
Indeed! The poor, pale lip't and sad are come,
A portion, in a world so great, to beg.

I, Judas, by a kiss gave more than this.
I gave you God and filled your mouth with song.
I gave the world a kiss and in it bliss.
I loved the Lord and I loved. the world of wrong.
While in Apostacy I fall, you rise—
And curse the sacrifice.

THE INDIAN IN COURT

There occurs to me a scene in a court room in Oklahoma. An aged lawyer, with gray locks falling over a massive brow, is busy with papers; he looks at the by-standers, selecting a next witness. "Mrs. Roaring Bull, please take the stand," he said. A short, thick, greasy-faced Indian woman appeared in the court room and took the stand. The formal questions were asked and brokenly answered.

Q. "What time was this baby born?" questioned J. T. Bradley (that is the attorney's name.)

A. 'No sabe. No, no what you say," came the answer.

Q. "Can't you tell us the time of the year this took place?" The woman shook her head.

Q. "Was it November, or October?"

A. "Me no know October, no know what you say," said Mrs. Roaring Bull.

Then followed the only piece of brilliance I ever detected, not caught from childhood, I have ever wit-

nessed in that peculiarly good town after five years' residence.

The old lawyer looked straight in the Indian's eyes and in a soft, low voice began an examination the like of which never was and never can be transcended.

"Do you listen to the birds singing in the trees when—(here he worked his fingers) the leaves move, the leaves live?" "Yes," she answered. "When the birds sing so in the leaves then did this take place, was this Indian baby born."

"No—O yes, some—some go"—here she motioned her hand southward. "Do you look at the leaves on the trees, the grass on the ground, the corn in the fields?" A. "O yes, all time." Then, holding up a piece of gold money, the able lawyer asked, "Were the leaves like this; did they look like this gold?" A. "No, just some—look little." He asked again, "Just (moving on a piece of paper with his finger) the edges looked like gold, and some of the birds had gone south to sing and soon snow would fall on the corn fields and on the hay and at the tepee door the ground would look white?"

A. "Yes—me like that—me understand now."

She took a piece of paper and pointed where and how far the sun worked gold on the leaves and said, "Pretty quick all like gold."

"Then," said the lawyer, "is when the child was born in the tepee was it when the gold was gathering in the leaves—when the song of the south birds had ceased—then the little papoose cried in the tent?"

"Yes," answered the squaw, whose face now was alive with quivering evidence of emotion.

"May it please the court, (Bradley.) I submit that the time has been fixed—nature never lies. The leaves had gathered gold, the south birds had ceased to sing in the trees, then this Indian child cried in the tepee. The Indian baby's cry speaks to you, speaks to you out of the gold on the leaves, speaks to you in the silence of the south birds that sang their summer song to the Indian woman's heart. She remembers and has sworn; nature speaks to your judicial conscience, speaks the truth and, sir, there is no mental mode to evade the force of this evidence. I submit the point of time has been established."

From the fences of environment this old lawyer took down the curtain from behind which the truth looked out on an Indian child and owned it as legitimate, claiming for it a right to land.

I say to you, that you may hunt legal history through and you will not find anything superior to this search and find of truth—found by primitive method under the utmost difficulty.

Brilliant and forceful always are the simple modes by which glory and truth show themselves. This, I know, argues against adjectives that cover the beautiful in forms and often misleads in our conclusions of fact.

Truth today weeps behind the objectives of human scorn while justice is whipped from the forum because of complex methods that hide the leer and deformity on the faces of fallacies, fallacies that bind the children of this age to rule of a perished time—the ashes of roses blown in the faces of the living Prophets.

Summer now is dying,
With it's passion and its pain;
Autumn's gold is flying,
On the fields of flame—

Where the blood of life is falling—
Falling back to come again,
Back through resurrection—
Back to passion and to pain.

GOD IS—IMMORTALITY IS A FACT

The Syzygy of Abiding Places Open to View.

However we plan life, our plans are subjunctive. There is that about all we think of ourselves which we call mystery—the shroud and pall cover our laughter and our dreams.

Yet something can be known, we may know that God is.

If you would know the highest right, then you must drill the mind to metaphysical thinking and restrain the passion of fear and supplant evasions with positive hope. In such manner, you pave the way for the dimpled feet of peace to bear you the glory of joy—this is the true estate of man.

All the efforts of the past about which cluster the glory deeds of man are illumined with the God idea. To-day the God idea is over the arch of all that is building.

It is our purpose to give that proof which will satisfy the mind of the existence of deity.

First, that GOD is as a question of fact for the mind to solve demands peculiar proof. None will say however that this relieves the question of detail argument.

The argument is a posteriori, that is, from effect to cause. This is only the mode of argument. In substance we shall find that AXIOMS or first truths lay at the foundation.

This much for apology.

The first axiom that lays at the base of the discussion is the truth of the fact of self existence. That I exist is known to me. To deny this is to deny the denier, a thing absurd and the fact or act of denial would be an act of mind affirmative of self existence. Therefore I know that I am—that something is.

The second axiom we push in line for consideration is the truth of the fact, that I did not always exist. This is an axiom alright, first because it is and because it is in the conscience as a fact that conscience had a beginning.

The third axiom we wish to use is the truth of the fact that the finite mind can not think of something having been gotten out of nothing. Consequently I realize that I came from something I being something.

The fourth axiom in line is the truth of the fact that there can not be an endless chain of DEPENDENT causes. There must of necessity be that upon which the first DEPENDENT cause depended, viz.: The Independent. This axiom seems to bother some but try it and the evident truth will appear. All mathematics uphold it. A base for every demonstration is necessary, the circle will not do, will answer no demand. This intuition of the mind rescues the human from the beast and saves the race from invidious classification.

The fifth axiom we offer here is the truth of the fact that it can not be thought that something can be gotten out of a thing not in the thing, or you can't get more out of a thing than the thing holds or contains. This were to get something out of nothing and is not in reason.

The sixth axiom is, the mind, knows the fact of necessary being—that the dependent depends on the

independent as the cause of the existence of the dependent. This is an idea of reason as pure as any first truth not so familiar but just as staple, try it and see. If this is not true then there is a chain of endless, dependent causes, there is power in the finite mind to think of getting something out of nothing, there is no such thing as demonstration. Change by which we differentiate conscience would lack certainty, but we know that we exist and know, it an act of mind—conscience, so the axiom.

The seventh axiom I call to aid is the fact that the truths which are first and in their nature self evident, combined give off an apparent truth as first and as evident as though a single axiom were apprehended. This must be so because the cause is of a kind.

That these axioms invincibly dispose to one conclusion, that God is.

I suppose that were Sir William Hamilton living we would be treated to a few definitions as to what an axiom is and that we can not argue to support an axiom. But I answer first that to define an axiom puts the matter at large for argument yet I know that the test is the weight in the mind of the statements made.

I believe the skeptic will experience some trouble in avoiding the convincing power of these self evident truths run to one end, and that end the mind's conclusion that God is and is to be known.

We hold that that which enters the mind through the realm of demonstrative reasoning enters the mind as conscience holds first truth.

Then these axioms make out the case that God is.

If a process were discovered tomorrow by which life could be generated and mind propelled the argument above would not be moved. Dependent causation in its line settles nothing, no question ultimately, and can not nor would the relation then answer the absolute now of any supposition.

Change as you may, change can not empty something into nothing and we are as individuals—somethings.

IMMORTALITY AS A FACT LOOKS OUT OF THE DEMONSTRATION.

Against the inevitable orthodoxy of the foregoing outline of reason for faith in the perpetuity of being because God is, the skeptic spirit of this age lifts itself in a profane hypothesis, viz.: Evolution.

By this view naturalists (some of them) insist that we can make no statement of faith that is more than a mere aberration of mind (and alienists of the modern school declare all religion is without foundation in fact and so far delusion) this however is only a change of attitude.

We here propose to answer the hypothesis and clean the sky of dust kicked up from the corpses of dead hopes. And by facts show that the conclusions of faith are inevitable. That immortality of sentient being forever finite can not be denied to the mind as its most certain conclusion.

Let me suggest that fact always has mental character. A thing beyond observation could remain for-

ever yet not be a fact. A fact is something that is and is known else we could not treat of it.

We confine ourselves to one fact in this inquiry, viz.: What is identity? and begin our argument inductively from environment of self, finding in mind that manifests, elements, probative.

There are three primary laws of thought. First, the law of identity. Second, the law of excluded middle. Third, the law of contradictories. These are inherent in mind as laws and warrant for all inference.

Identity marks the line that secures individuality, it is the ultimate that we know about the fact of self existence, that we are and not something else. Of this we are just as conscious as that we are in esse, for it is the ego that takes cognition of the fact that thought is. And of course is single, impassable, not multiple nor definable in the ordinary, because it must be considered indivisible, can therefore be only nominally known in language. It is not composed, that which is composed can not have identity in any proper sense for it is subject to change and change makes predication of identity impossible.

Then we say identity can not be derived from mass, nor complex combination, that it can only come from a cause like itself.

So then a single line denoted by Atavism (that law that calls everything into line of its own kind) is the line of identity's dependent causation and this is being; being that is ultimate, single, indivisible, imperishable.

This identity of individuality manifests intellectual quality in man that can not divest—the power of which cannot be derived but passed.

Now look, if identity could be derived, what would be the first tendency? Then would not that be the identity? At least any thinker must see that a complex whole is not identity, but a mass representing many single identities that can never be known precisely as a THING, but things of thought (Nominalism).

So body or form is not identity. Form is relative to identity. Anyone ought to see that body composed cannot afford ideas as a whole of ultimates at the end of analysis and synthesis builds of singlers.

Force connot be said to be the cause of a singular identity because force is diffused and does not constrain and matter is en masse.

Let us to the proof. Time is an abstract we make by use of occurrence in duration, but time is a measure, nominally at least. Now that which is of universal occurrence, single, same, and impassable in thought, yet is persistent by presence or manifestation through long laps and lapses of time, must be accepted by the mind as an entitive identity. Such as that that manifests in directed movement of activity, intellectual, emotional qualities, mind. This is identity of individuality.

We know this by a mental mode, for we can not think of two without first thinking one.. Analysis is the manner and the mind power to grasp the necessary singular and one as the law of composite thinking and leads us back to the first law of mental nature, identity. This is the possible and no system of thought is possible otherwise.

What then is the fact we know by this mode? We answer oneness of necessity inhering in things indivisible, indestructible, manifesting in attributes but

not complex. We know this then that identity can not be derived. We know that identity is and what we know of it is the fact element.

Change takes place in wholes, in composed objects not defined to us, change is manifest in decay (a slipping of adhesion), process does not work in ultimates, can not be thought so. The proof of ultimates is that we must think of objects and these rest on the law of identity in thought and at base must be thought indestructible as the basic idea for system of thinking itself. We can not think otherwise, we must think this wise.

Now the very truth that we know is absolute proof of consciousness. Consciousness were impossible by process for process is manifest in change.

The integrity of psychic datum is maintained because identity is the first law of mental being.

Memory is true to the idea of this integrity and standing amidst the mystery of change of body it speaks of the perpetuity of being as one.

So then it can not be thought of as that by the law of variation in wholes manifest in decay the ever

persistent singular and necessary one—Identity is produced or that by such law identity is derived.

The doctrine of evolution can not maintain law as a creative cause of that out of which it emanates, nor can it be said that we find ones in wholes. One is the first law of mind as it seeks to first know.

MYSTICISM IS THE LIFE OF MATERIALISM.

Modern Materialism deals with the seen so its apostles say but we doubt it. Continually materialists mock at the worshipful in man and deal blow after blow at what they are pleased to call orthodoxy. Amid the wreck of form the shouts of skepticism are heard today as though a victory over the dead were a glorious thing.

We admit the wreck of form and say that it conduces to our argument.

We apprehend the breaking up of form and form judgments of the process. But judgment is not ultimate here, if that judgment is based on mere appearance.

To quote from Sir Wm. Hamilton, "In short it is impossible for the human mind to think what it thinks existent, lapsing into non-existence," and as we have seen that identical individuality is of necessity single and inadvisible, it follows that something must remain forever. That the wreck of that which is only related to the substantial and one is no proof of the end of the unit of being. But clears the one by process to its ultimate state.

Here is reason to the rescue. The finite mind in its intuitive power being conscious of the independent—the infinite as cause, knows that there is no equation between the two as to the power to know and that acts of the infinite are beyond the power of judgment in the finite mind, and infers that the laws of Spontaneity, and instantaneity in the infinite hold the process by which the entative individual man escapes the wreck of the form.

This escape is necessary in thought and may be called the proof of immortality, for the finite mind knows that instantaneous production and instantaneous change must co-ordinate and would make creation impossible. That therefore perpetuity is a law of and in

creation, that law of the infinite—the changeless, the absolute, and that relative change can not effect the law, but must accommodate it to the end, to its ultimate, viz.: the affinity in the absolute.

The finite mind is conscious of self existence; something is.

The human mind can not think of something being gotten out of nothing but thinks of it as having come from something as its cause.

The mind of man can not think of something existent lapsing into non-existence, but must think of it as everlasting and perpetual.

And the mind must infer that at the ultimate change the identity, the existing being is in harmony with environment.

Therefore is not in a state of change but in a state of being.

Because affinity in the absolute is reached. This is immortality—proof of the substance of the issue is sufficient.

As to the sentient state of being we now offer the only conclusion which to our mind seems reasonable.

A SYZYGY.

If we take up a term for use in this instance we will accommodate the issue. However, I do not build on the advantage of the old Nominalist. The term desired is correlation. That I possess power to know is that I term intellect. I am conscious that I exist and I am equally conscious the non-ego exists apart from the me or ego, and I am also aware that this ego is limited, so is the non-ego that touches my senses through which I take cognizance of the immediate non-ego. This consciousness is my ultimate mental effort, the highest reach of my thinking power. Of a same kind of mental effort I am conscious that I can not think of an endless chain of DEPENDENT causes. I must think positively of identity, of something for nothing, is unthinkable. Limitation and finite are convertable terms in this instance. Here by the inherent laws of mind not in contrast but in correlation, the infinite and finite are necessary terms to speak my ultimate mental state.

We therefore conclude that this ultimate mental state inheres in the identical entative being because this mental effort could come not from the impulse of many working causes but from the ultimate singular cause for the effort is the last strain and single impulse of the being on the last conceivable object of thought.

The mental power is therefore as single as the identity of being itself and is of its essence.

The mental power thus observed fixes the sentient state of being so far as man can think and man can think no otherwise if he will think ultimately.

To return to change, the perplexing thing of thought, we take up our term at the head of this essential paragraph, a Syzygy. The intuitive power of the mind sees in every relative entity or dependent being the extreme term of correspondence and here is where our syzygy appears to view. Tomorrow we expect and experience no difficulty in our mental state, but we are located in today and at this place, these terms are relative to the last degree, yet location is the very gist of this issue. For as we take it habit is the accident of related location. Through three worlds the man of twenty-one years has come to his estate. His being, his present

estate, his past environment, are parts of the induction we are to consider under this head.

If there be one universe there can be no more and only one infinite entity can be in this universe. So then finite spheres are necessary and true terms of a just conceptionalism. It is immaterial if the sphere is a globe of matter or a spiritual scope, if so that beings exist therein.

Thus we reach the idea of tomorrow as it reaches out of the today into another tomorrow, also we take hold of the present state of the man of twenty-one. The identity of being, perpetual, sentient, necessitates the syzygy of the sphere through which he moves to his ultimate environment. There are three states of man. First the inpotential, in esse or being, the necessary final free from modification by the relative to affinity in the absolute. The location is of no consequence to ultimate and singular being.

The line of syzygy of these worlds or spheres is the inherent law of progress that we have seen carry the individual through three material worlds to the estate of 21.

DO WE KNOW THE ABSOLUTE?

When we are conscious of self we know the relative absolute, and when we know that there can not be an endless chain of dependent causes, that of necessity there must be that upon which the first dependent cause depended viz.: the independent, we know the absolute. Not in the definative sense but we know that He is. As Spencer says "It is the warrant for all our other knowledge." A mental datum.

If we take any other view we make the relative of necessity absolute. The idea of the relative necessitates the idea of the relative related to the absolute. And the related relates to the absolute. Through the syzygy we have outlined here, relative environment cannot be thought of as defeating affinity in the absolute.

We conclude that God is and that immortality is a fact and that the syzygy of abiding places is open to view.

This only request we would make that the writers of the future be bold and distinguish the great mental datum as the greatest knowledge man possesses and is the warrant of all He knows in the definative scope.

CONSCIOUSNESS

I hereby undertake to advance the line of relative thought.

In this undertaking my purpose is to make the absolute a reality.

And I furthermore mean to construe to the human understanding the consciousness of the infinite.

This done, I hope to take my place among the philosophers of the world and in this instance to impress upon the time in which I live the significance of this ages philosophic thought.

That history may repeat; "That every age gave to the race in its philosophy the proper emphasis and meaning of the certain epoch's tone of intellectual energy.

In the first place I give definitions that have gone before: Whatever they may signify.

Whatever these definitions did signify to the thinkers of those times in which they were given forth, little else do they afford us, than a mere nominalism.

For the very cogent reason, that advance in invention and discovery has completed an invincible induction which is in present consciousness a reality.

For the purpose, I cite first the apt and intensive interrogative residuum of St. Paul in I Cor. 2: II. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in man." Paul was a triunist. He saw a man as a spirit served by body. The body made, maintained, and moved by vital force, life or soul. Body, soul and spirit.

And thus Paul said in his question, a man in his self knows himself, consciousness, self knowledge.

The foregoing definition will be found nominally to be extensive sufficiently and to the self thinker intensive for realization.

Sir William Hamilton defined consciousness to be as follows:

"Consciousness is thus on the one hand, the recognition by the mind or ego of its own affections. In other words, the self affirmation that certain modifications are known by me and that these modifications are mine." Again he says: "Annihilate the consciousness

of the object you annihilate the consciousness of the operation."

Thus Hamilton is seen to be a Relativist and poses a "Mine" for self knowing itself.

The argument we shall adduce will, we believe, expose the sophism of Hamilton's doctrine.

Cousin the Great French Eclectic and absolutist, wrote of consciousness as thus seen: "This Me that we are is Finite; the not Me which limits it is Finite; they are so in different degrees, but they are equally so; we are then still in the sphere of the finite. Is there nothing else in consciousness?

Yes, at the same time that consciousness seizes the Me as finite, in opposition to the not me, finite itself, it stops neither at the one nor at the other; it sets out thence to conceive a being that has all the characters opposed to those which the Me finds in itself and in the not Me which is analogous to it. This being is absolute as the Me and the not Me are relative; it is a necessary substance as the Me and the not Me are contingent substances. And is also a cause."

Thus it may be seen that Cousin is opposed to Hamilton and is in accord with St. Paul in his version.

Herbert Spencer being more of a nominalist than possessing any other character as a thinker undertook to synthet the opposed views of Hamilton and Cousin and at the same time to make a minor premise of Data furnished by a modern school of scientists (Evolutionists) placed Cousin's philosophy as a general necessary "mental datum" and Hamilton's relative philosophy as construed and known knowledge treating phenomena, as alone capable of being known and the absolute as unknowable.

It is within the utmost respect I use the definitions afforded us by those master men. The race is indebted to them so deeply, I fear, that mankind will never pay. Imperishable marble to their names will not suffice, nor will the love of man. A courageous adventure forward is the only appreciable mode; they were workers for mankind.

So feeling somewhat the weight of them but more of the theme, without apology. I essay a different and more sufficient method of construing the knowable to the mind and the knowable to me means without dis-

tinction, all. For distinction on difference is only when in thought the mind takes cognition of its own operations; emphasized by the objective of thought itself.

It is well in the first instance to observe that here nominalism as philosophy all sufficient is denied and that the conceptionalism of a period is not the true mentor of a following racial period of thought-ference. The real or substantial is thought of and of it this time has its own thorough going conceptionalism, or should have, and nominalism must adjust itself to express the time's true sense of things.

Then following this introduction, I define Consciousness to be, To Think, the first operation of self in feeling the weight of an objective. Weight of course is used not to express the gross sense of heavy and self is used as mind is used.

To think is to be conscious and the thought, of a thing, complete in the mind's operation, is consciousness. Whatever the amount of the thought, is the sum of the consciousness of the objective thought of and to the extent of its completeness is of the essence of Consciousness as is the extent of the consciousness of that that is of the utmost relative and phenomenal.

Because that which is conceived of as the relative affects the mind through the same mental operation as does the cognition of the absolute. It is cognition simply, simply, impassable, but persistent in thought and is its essence or quality. (The best words we possess.)

DISCUSSION: It is now too clearly known that the mind to think must possess at least a potential object to afford thought; that therefore nothing as a term has no objective and is simply a privative term denoting to the extent, lack of characters possessed by things observed to possess them and not adhering in others.

Potential, power to be, cannot be said, when it persists as against process, not to have back of it, something in esse or being.

For a fact, Potential, demands just this conceptionalism.

This then disposes of Sir Wm. Hamilton's theory, viz., That contradictories afford the only manner of construing to the understanding the consciousness of that, that is thought of.

For if one contradictory persists to construe to the

mind the reality of its opposed term, then these contradictories are equally so and are interchangeable and if one contradictory is impossible of being mentally construed, the other must be equally so.

This brings the argument to open absurdity. For it is seen that if the position is taken the real becomes by reversing the terms the unreal and thought all thought as thought ceases.

But the contrary is true; IDENTITY is the first law of the mind, no thought is possible as thought without its corresponding object. Which is realized in the operation of mind or thinking. Thought is affirmation not negation and negation as exclusion from that that is, as no entity is not in mental datum. The mind thinks of entities.

The mind perceives, apprehends, the objective, (And since Read's time IDEALISM has had no place in philosophy.) forms concept of it and names the concept to signify the objective that afforded the thought.

Now that that is, is an object of thought. To think of it is to be conscious of it and this is consciousness,

no more and no less and whether the objective, the thought of, in the concept is finite or infinite.

This form of the argument places the substantive of the question as I would have it placed.

And this brings us in the discussion to the very simple element of procedure or nominalism, the element on which Sir William Hamilton placed so much stress; so much indeed as to be the foundation on which he raised the superstructure of his whole philosophy, that philosophy which gave to the Agnostic of modern times a seeming right to fashion anew an old scepticism. The element of which we speak is thus stated by Hamilton "But how can there be remembrance, of the absolute and its intuitions? As out of time, and space, and relation, and difference? But as remembrance is only possible under these conditions of the understanding it is consequently impossible." He says: he defies solution of this objection.

Of course to grant him his assumed position that "to think is to condition" it follows that all thought is conditional, the Infinite being unconditioned is unknowable. This doctrine of the conditional is his and so far as I am concerned he is welcome to it with all its glory. But

it is seen that Hamilton begs the question under the smoke of his own artilery. His nominalism led him estray, hear him. He says, "to think is to condition." After this it is easy sailing. For of course we cannot limit the unlimited so we may be able to think of it. But a question. Are we not now thinking of it ?

Wonderful indeed it is that such a doctrine should ever have been a vogue with any number of philosophers and that its author should have been accredited as the most profound philosopher of his time and ever of his country (Scotland).

It occurs to me that time, place, relation, and difference as objectives of thought are in the same place of difficulty in the first instance as does the Infinite occur.

How do we know of time, place, difference and relation? Here we come face to face with the difficult question of it all. How do we know? The position of Hamilton avoids no difficulty nor posits the ultimate. It is seen that only his position and doctrine, unable to account to the understanding falls in its own weakness and the conclusion Hamilton reaches is the conclusion of his own incapable system. (Nominalism.)

If as Hamilton suggests that we know by condition, that to think is to condition the thing thought of to the mind, this outrages the doctrine of the conditional itself. For its last assumption is under the hypothesis, that the mind itself so works under innate limitations, and the assumption that this of necessity limits the thing thought of, is out of and beyond the hypothesis for it is an assumption based on the supposed limits of the understanding to this finality.

If in this way only, a thing real can be construed to the understanding, then at last the law of contradictories is primary; one of which is true of a thing, the other false. This is the the reductio ad absurdum of philosophy as we have seen.

But this is not the case. We condition no thing when we think of it. The mind possesses the power or faculty to think of an object. And this faculty is not a condition but an energy (force). Hamilton sought a name (condition) then assumed to think is to condition and the absolute is unconditional, and cannot be thought.

The difficulty is not thereby solved. How do we think? (Persists.)

That we do think is questioned by none and to think is the ultimate consideration. To say consciousness is the ultimate term then bring the term this side of to think itself does not obviate the difficulty but only exposes the sophism of the nominalistic school.

Nor do the materialists afford a better doctrine for the purpose. For blood and nerves and purposeless force no more make a man than brick and mortar and trowel make a house.

There are two energies in man. One atavistic; the other possessing spontaneity; the one subject to invariably material law, the other acting ever over material law making progress; the one instinct to appease demands purely structural; the other without demand spontaneously acting out of, over and beyond material environments.

The best material hypothesis affords no solution. For matter without semblance of thought to so act as to assume form and look back at itself and apprehend itself and afford a psychology is the ridiculous, fathered by philosophy.

This is the ultimate of materialism, at least the mod-

ern mind will hardly take it seriously that the great thought of the world traveled up a nerve tract and found a home where all nerves end.

However it is not with materialism we directly contend, time will throw away all of its own rubbish. If you will turn to your Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, you will read consciousness defined by Hamilton not Cousin nor Paul. And this is the obstacle against which we hurl our strength, the definition is not true, we know it to be false to the fact of consciousness.

We know this by the very things of like kind, possessed by Hamilton and others, only they possessed not so many and things known today, known to be real were unknowable to them. This invasion of what was the unknowable to the old nominalist takes the feet from under the doctrine of the conditional.

For instance, the quality of the voice kept by the phonograph and the sense that passes the scheme of the wireless telegraphy and even the telephone.

The wire does not change to accommodate the different qualities of voice. Where is the answering condition?

Yet we realize in consciousness, the tones. You say the tones are based on difference. Not at all, they survive in recognition, the tone giver may be miles away, you may not know the place and space is unlimited; the tone may be unknown to you and so the relation and yet without comparison or contrast instantly the quality of the voice, reaches and seizes consciousness.

This is no longer the phenomenal; it is the real.

The simple wire will not answer. The wave of the wireless is silent, yet pregnant with sense impulse. The material of the phonograph holding, as in echo, voices and their very qualities starts them into reverberations mechanically, and the sleep of a tomb is awakened by the mystery of the voice of life.

These you say come out of conditions with which we are familiar and are part of the common knowledge. So say I, but this does not answer how we take hold of them in consciousness now after their starting conditions have ceased and no adequate conditions are extant. There is a residuum, not within present conditions. Of it we inquire.

I answer you, this is the induction of which we speak. The induction that moves into demonstration.

That which enters the mind through the realm of demonstrative reasoning enters the mind as conscious knowledge. The mind has no power to oppose the certainty. And yet such persist in the mind as a positive psychic posit.

The very uncertainty of the Relative Doctrine defeats it as an answering and satisfying philosophy.

The spontaneity and instantaneity of the mind that contradict Materialism and defeat the old definitions of Hamilton and Spencer of Consciousness, that make progress and are the development of psychic energy into mental status so to be able to accept the general familiar knowable and grapple with things certain without complex mental process, make this invasion.

In fact let us ask the last question of the conditional, viz., What is condition itself? To answer, that condition is the thing or environment or circumstance or time or place or relation or difference or all of these, of which the thing identified in thought arose or becomes possible in thought will not solve the question. What are

all these? They as objects of thought still persist as much so as the Infinite or absolute persists. Behold the pale face of Hamilton looking out of his doctrine!

Again what do we mean by construing the thought or thoughts of a thing to the understanding? In fact there is no such thing. This is simply the mind of some ingenious philosopher naming certain mental processes or as he assumes processes and classifying the names of them, then calling his classification philosophy; The dictionarian publishing the philosophic expressions, this is all.

The things of thought are in the Universe, the mind apprehends them and this is consciousness of them.

The known to be necessary are real for the mind has no power to deny them, but this is not it of which we inquire. The understanding posits them.

So at last we arrive at the conclusion, in argument, that to think is consciousness and the what we call condition is as much an objective of thought, as the thing Sir William Hamilton would have it accommodate. And thus we get a glimpse of the mental mode of synthesis and may understand that when carried to its

legitimate end it is of the same force as that other mental mode known as analysis, because it like analysis shows the impossibility of the ratinocination of the limited by cogently forcing upon the mind a breaking through analytical lines, the mental realization, being the same.

How then may we know the absolute; the infinite; the unlimited; the unconditional?

I answer by the same mental mode we know at all, that is to think about and of the being necessitated by all other thinking, the being that forever persists as a theme of thought. Name the being what we may. It is being and what we think of it does not limit it. This being persists and no thing of thought does more nor have we any more psychic posit of anything of which we think than we posit of this being. This persistent if we may use the term is the construing or making possible thought or something known in Consciousness.

The familiar and classified and used impress upon us through familiarity more of eventful persistence but not more continuous persistence and by eventful persistence names are in vogue and superficial thinkers and nominalist deal with the eventful, hence their sophisms.

These simple impassible thoughts occur, I think, back of this no thinker can go but does go to this extent. Even the Infinite cannot be supposed to go back of his thought of self, that would necessitate going back of the thinker, a thing absurd. To think is consciousness, if consciousness is to express ultimate psychic operation, otherwise ultimate is not ultimate. A thing absurd. The mind possesses the power to think; the objective affords and excites mental operation or act to the end that concept is formed, this is real and all of it real and knowable. Otherwise all thought is idealism. The real under this view becomes false as a realty, so the idealism based thereon is false as a reality of any objective and cannot be a psychic posit concerning anything. Thus the argument ends in ruin. But it is absurd.

I think, but how can never be expressed as we are speaking of knowing now, for that would necessitate the know how back of to think, absurd to mention. A man knows himself.

I am contending for the doctrine that to think is ultimate, ultimate to materialism. Ultimate to the relative doctrine of to think condition necessary to thought itself. Ultimate to the thought of death for thought is

ultimate to psychic cessation as a thinkable. And end of anything as ceasing to be cannot be thought of; nothingness as a positive mental datum cannot be supposed. I am contending for the doctrine of the absolute as announced by Cousin, finished to the end that to think of the me finite and the not me as infinite whether the idea of limitation occurs in the thought or not are alike consciousness.

This doctrine of the absolute is of interest to the human understanding for it is unsupposable to think of death without thinking of life and life gives the ability to think what we think of death and is therefor ultimate to death. Life, what I mean by it is capability of thinking and is the law of the Universe. The unlimited consciousness of the Infinite is no more a speculation than is the so called law of nature for in the different phases that can be thought they are the very same.

Thought therefore is of the absolute. I challenge any possible denial of this position.

Nor is this Pantheism. The individual who gives the absolute a name and psychic habitation cannot be thought to lapse from being into no being but thinks of

being as is and this does not necessitate difference, but the is, necessitates the idea of difference.

Into the great universe we are, of it, part of its instincts, instinct with consciousness of it because conscious of self in the mode we call to think.

I conceive it to be impossible to put in a system of psychology the doctrine of man possessing consciousness as an ultimate of all psychic operation and not at the same instance of necessity know that if consciousness is ultimate (if the term ultimate have meaning) is absolute.

The dying man in death thinking of life is a peculiar phase of scepticism of life as an ultimate of thought, to me.

To the extent I think of a thing I am conscious of a thing however I am affected by it. This may be what shall be classed as bad, as incoherent, but it is not nothingness, it cannot be said to be unreal. The unlimited goes away from us; we think out in it; what is therein contained we identify when in apprehension the objective is seized by consciousness is ultimate; what is contained therein we do not say, for a discovery may prove

that our affirmation was conjectural and false if we think limitation. In fact let us at least suggest that to think of the limited, ultimately reaches the same end as we reach here toward the unlimited so that we fall back in consciousness, sentient, and this is the absolute. The relative and phenomenal are of appearance and eventful.

I will build my all and my philosophy in the new induction, psychically enlarging in time and correlated with it in mental datum. I will hold in consciousness the awakened soul of the echo that touches the tomb with the mystery of life; I will wait on the wave of the silent, that whispers the sense sent on its wings to the receptive soul for realization; I will wait on the quality of tones started by life, kept through time, for is space is conquered by the instinct of the life and time in its changes is overcome by the melody of energy alive with sentiment I know that life, the sentient energy known as person is absolute. That the voices of these living persons belong to the world of melody and that at all times the universe is a receptive where life abides and life is the ultimate of all we desire.

The absolute is, to think is to realize it.

Not a smile can perish, not a tone go out of the world of sound; not a joy shall depart from the house of bliss, but every where is the absolute and time is what we call a part of it.

Think for once, think of all that man has done and made, homes, cities, nations, civilization; the songs he sings; the tone of his thought; his emotions; all, all, to cease at once. This of all time, think of it? Then you will have no idea of Universe, no knowledge of Universe? Why, yes, you have, these are only aids. Your idea of the Universe includes all these. Behold how large you are in your thoughts. This is the induction into the absolute and the psychic posit of it.

CHAPTER 2.

M. Cousin, and Hamilton and Hubert Spencer.

M. Cousin; the light of the old France; the Protagonist of the philosophic world; the first Absolutist, because the propounder of the eclectic, is now ready for honor and times tardy fame.

M. Cousin was unfortunate in that he expressed himself in a declentional language. However his vision was true. The position of him and his doctrine are at variance. And to his place in the world of thought, I now turn my attention.

Cousin by his very expression of his doctrine, gave Hamilton the doctrine of the Conditional. In the statement of the eclectic.

Cousin says: "This me that we are is Finite, the not me which limits it is Finite; they are equally so in different degrees; we are still in the sphere of the finite. Is there nothing else in consciousness?

Yes, at the same time that consciousness seizes the me in opposition to the not me finite itself, it stops

neither at the one nor at the other. It starts out thence to conceive a being that has all the characters Opposed to those which the me finds in itself and the not me which is analogous to it." And he concludes this being is absolute and is a cause. Is substance.

Hamilton simply accepted Cousin's terms of time and degree and of difference and opposition, to place his notion of contradictories to construe to the mind reality. For had not Cousin placed the possibility of his great conclusion at the end of contrast? Certainly.

Cousin left the Law of Identity as primary and made opposition or negation the soul ground of his inference by observing characters opposed, forgetting that the first member of the opposed in the relation must be seized in consciousness as the first act of the understanding. Thus he became a Nominalist himself, aiding and abetting in the great crime of intellectual assassination which effects us today to the extent of giving over to Subsidiary thought a large portion of the Psychic field.

The "This me that we are is Finite," says Cousin. This is assumption as much so as Hamilton's. "To think is to condition" is assumption. And at this place Cousin deserted the Absolute. All that may be said of

the fact of consciousness has its subjection, in the statement. To seek to know more out of relation perceived as existing between opposed, things of thought, comes this way from the prime psychic act and moves in the sphere of the conditional. This of course, is on ground so well defined by Hamilton as to conclude inquiry once the assumption is accepted.

This whole controversy that ended in our present definition of consciousness as per Hamilton, because he refined it most thoroughly, is of the subsidiary, but that Cousin furnished the terms of the doctrine of the conditional may not now be doubted.

The reason to me is apparent, Cousin approached the "Me as finite," or as I prefer to Posit it, "I exist" as a mental assumption instead of act and suspected that definition was necessary to all thought. So he became the father of this insistence.

Herbert Spencer undertook to relieve the position and far led the way but like Cousin failed to fulfill the last requirement of intellectual ability and subsided into the subsidiary. Ending in nominalism of the sort we known well.

This quiting of the Residuum for the subsidiary of thought or the first act of the understanding by thinkers, has been and will be fatal to true philosophy. The very fact that Definition is undertaken yields the ground to Hamilton.

What Cousin should have done I now do for him, that is answer Hamilton on his own ground and at once answer the requirement of Psychic ability as to the utmost thought posit.

The Residuum of thought in its prime aspect is my consideration. Let us not be mistaken in this. The subsidiary is fully exemplified by Hamilton and Spencer. The exclusion I here undertake is the subsidiary from the consideration of the Residuum of the thinking power of the human understanding.

It may not now be questioned that the doctrine of the conditional is subsidiary. Spencer so admits, in fact it is its prime assumption.

If mental operation is nothing else than contrast. This requires two objects of thought; if they can not be seized in consciousness then there is no warrant of psychic kind to assume to know the phenomenal or ap-

parent. For the apparent depends in its reality in psychic datum on the first act of the understanding, identity, to think. If no certainty exists, what is the use of Hamilton's doctrine? Unless we say we know nothing, not and until two appears, This is assumption.

Nothingness as a term can signify no more than privation, that certain characters observed in one thing of thought do not belong to another thing of thought but this operation is not in the mind until a third thing of thought with likeness to one or the other of the identified things is excluded by the law of excluded middle. This is mental process and is not primary. Is subsidiary.

Nothingness as absolute exclusion is not in psychic datum. To think is to think of something and this is primary.

If as Hamilton contends, contradictories construe the reality of phenomena to the mind and only in this manner can the understanding be seized or be conscious of reality, his doctrine is an expose of a sophism. It follows that opposition is the first concept. Simple difference is the first posit of thought. Now difference is

something to be thought. Wherein is the difficulty removed?

But let us consider farther, the members of the contradictories must be in the mind if the understanding affirms its operation.

It can not be conceived to be more difficult to conceive the members individually than to conceive their difference. It is a first posit of thought we seek.

Again if this be not so the first concept of difference must be assumed. For it stands without differentation. Otherwise it is inate power, in the express of energy. If this last is true. Then the conditional is false and identity is primary.

Difference is the basis. Exclusion can be thought only to be in privation, unless the mind can positively think of nothing. This then demands identified objects (treating appearances as objects) of thought.

If the single members in the contradictories are impossible of being known, the difference is, or knowledge is impossible of any kind. If the members are conceived because of the difference what power of mind

makes this assumption. That it is the difference and not the thing that possesses the quality, we know?

Let us analyze some more, difference is conceived of what? Of appearance? says Hamilton. But this is supposed to reside in things opposed. The real things can not be themselves known. This is Hamilton as he is stripped of his robe of woven words.

The difference spoken of is only of appearance it follows that the difference is only appearance. What is appearance? Whatever it is Hamilton concedes we are conscious of it. Attenuate appearance it still is something. This is affirmation and without condition.

Now let us start out with this position. The members of the contradictories in the first act of mind are not construed and if the members of the supposed opposition can not be seized in consciousness at one and the same effort, contradictories are not in mental datum. From the first posit of thought there can be no beyond of it, no opposition, for privation is not conceivable. But thought is. This is the farthermost reach of psychic energy and is positive.

At last it becomes necessary to give up the conditional. And with it the doctrine of contradiction by Hamilton.

This is on his own ground.

Difference is more than a concept it is the understanding seizing the certainty of a thing. The mind rests upon it, the physic emotive wave of sentient force persist against it and this is what we mean by consciousness. And the most elaborate and conclusive term we have can not express it. Yet we are certain of it for it is life. To say it is relative assumes going back of self and its modes of being to find a deeper reality. Reality is reality. We are real and can have no other notion of ourselves.

The Residuum of self is absolute and is Infinite so far as we are able to affirm, we are unable to think otherwise. The infinite is indefinable, so are we. Yet we know we are.

We have no warrant to say that we are finite but only that we appear so, under the doctrine of the conditional and science is without authority. And right here I posit for Cousin that, I exist. This is a reality. Thought can only be thought. Thought is absolute. Existence is absolute. The absolute is infinite, appearances do not limit, they only appear so. Personality does not

interfere with this notion. As it is, it is infinite. All reasoning to the contrary is futile.

Hamilton's doctrine is of the appearance and is this way from the residuum he could not put in terms. The great mental datum of Spencer as the warrant for all our other knowledge IS knowledge itself. And the mind is possessed of this knowledge. All knowledge is of this kind and is absolute. It is only arrangement of reflexes of thought this side of the first mental, posit, that affords the conditional.

For if the mind possesses such consciousness as Spencer claims, and it is true, it can not be contradicted and displaced by a lesser and an inferior kind of knowledge. That supposes the inferior kind to be superior and is not mental in its nature.

That to think is, to be. This is, there is no beyond to think of. For privation can not be supposed. We do think of being. This is inate.

The Universe is all of thought. Positive exclusion is not within it.

Therefore The Me that we are is and the idea of Finiteness is as much a definition as to say the me is

absolute and no more. When we conceive or emotively energize, we need a term to express the last or first experience as sentience and this is consciousness.

I think. This is ultimate to every thing else.

At the end; if the first appearance to the mind is by contradictories why not call this the minds true way of knowing positively the reality of the members? And is it not a mere nominalism with inferential definition to say that it is of the phenomena we are seized?

Why not say that we are seized of the realty of the opposed things and that the mental power of identity holds the persist of it and it opposed? That the difference is inferential? It is so.

This is the doctrine of the Absolute.

In the consciousness of existence I posit. "I Exist." This is nominal definition I know but this is all that can be said.

To stand upon this side of the controversy is to be an absolutist, to stand on the side of the appearance of a thing as only a phantom of the real as the only knowable is to be a relativist.

The changes that take place make what I have called the eventful in contradistinction to the perpetual. I admit that this is the field of my greatest mental struggle it is my greatest living. I can not think nothing, but I do think and thought is of Universe. I realize it in my living energy. I Exist and this is the ultimate of all. If one can think beyond this to contradict it He can think beyond the Universe and that is not in psychic order.

I am an absolutist because I am.

Now I can not think that I can not be this am, this does not make me know that I am but that I know that I am forbids the supposition of the contrary, this is deduction. The first posit Is, I am.

Get on this side of the philosophical question and think on forward not backward and you are an absolutist.

And I have seen no rematerialized spirits either during this mental labor.

But the reality of all the universe is about me and it does not seem strange.

CONCLUSION.

To attempt to bring the first posit of thought within the sphere of thought related and define the relation in terms to comprehend the prime thought, is to condition. This is precisely what Hamilton did do.

The operation is in concepts, subsidiary to the Residuum. This effort to bring the first posit in the energy of a second, is reflex thought and leaves the primary out of consideration.

It is not cause and effect. There is no such thing in pure mental nature. The mind acts so, that is all that can be said of it.

So definition of a thing by the position it sustains to others is aloof from the prime thing itself.

Now definition is simply the noting or denoting of just these concepts and no more, as standing in time and space, a posit of the thinking self. The concept of opposition is because the said posit in the time and place is posited; identity excludes every other notion but is posited first to exclude. Relation, the idea of it, is of this subsistency of subsidiary thought.

Yet identity of the material human yields. Within it there are many identities (Anamaliculea) Radium reveals something to preceptive energy, that space is invaded, yet seen in the attenuation of material to vision. That matter is phenominal, appearance, and really advances what appearance is.

This, all this does not define or approach the reality of the Residuum of self.

The infinitely small can not persist in mental datum beyond the conceiving energy of privation, to know. Noting beyond this is not in mental nature.

So it is the Residuum that is posited in time, space, difference, relation, and opposition, the denotes, ideas of time, of space, of difference, of relation, of opposition stated make definition. This is conceptionalism and subsidiary. The residuum is farther on, is positive, is really the known. It is the really knowable and only is. The relative or conditional is known by the mental power that knows the absolute and is inferential but because of the really knowable, the absolute, it is known.

This of course will not be to the liking of the thinkers who prefer to assume the material as the summit of the

range of thought and delight in concepts and terms to grow wise in terminology.

However we are glad to get back to where nature asserts the persists of thought For we do develop forceful energy of self and think.

This is the philosophy the world needs. There is no strength in straining after evasion of self knowledge. It is a wrong notion that the race is advanced in psychic energy by scepticism. It is the positive effort that develops the power to realize the posit of self.

The repetition that seems to be in this exposition is of the theme and is not repetition but repeated effort to farther realize self. In this exercise I have grown and feel my emotive power increased. I at once feel doubt weakened.

I am wholly orthodox, I love the smile of a babe, the real smile. I recognize love not as vapor nor again as a manifestation. What you may call manifestation I call it. And every day it persists in me, I in it. This is my experience. It is yours but maybe you permit sound which is no more real to confuse you.

I know that this argument will never be confuted, that is impossible. But have I placed the way to realization so others can seize the self in mind to the full? This is my concern.

If it be complained that my treatise is loosely written and lacks the marks of scientific language. My answer is, I hold myself bound to no nominalism, whether it be considered scientific or no.

I utterly abhor restraint and know that a healthy brain can stand (bear) the stress of psychic liberty.

Prescribed rules prescribe the possible thinking to him who adheres to them.

Invention and discovery set out from prescription into the open Ultima Thule of thought. Mental spontaneity is without law. And free psychic energy is genius.

This is my full answer for these words that are intended to cumulate and make an effect, viz.: dispel all doubt. That self assurance becomes the experience.

I KNOW NOT BUT OF MYSELF

("For what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him."—St. Paul.)

O God, how good thou art to me!
These pretty eyes
I have Thy glories all to see,
And lips to murmur—Heavenly!
Are just a little of Thy lease—
Of joy. I trace
All beauty, and Thy love and peace,
Upon my face.

Within the holy human race,
I am the best.
Man loves and kisses this pure face;
And calles his bliss an heavenly grace.
I build a throne for joy. And all—
That may man bless,
In passion's sweet confessional—
My heart—confess.

O God, how good thou art to me!
Eternity—
Alone may fill my soul with Thee.

I am the form of mystery.
And I am free—
A Woman; glory in her eyes.
To lure and keep,
The World of love, whose sacrifice,
Her babes repeat.

AN AFTER WORD

I have seen this plain Country develop; I came west at the age of twelve years—to Nebraska and on a cattle ranch; the Cities have grown under my observation and States have been hewed from the frontier—I have helped to hew.

I have not slept all this time. I have been a close friend to progress. I have watched the great romance of society unfold from the inborn plot until I am become a part of it.

As a boy sitting on my horse on night herd, list'ning to evening's Eolian harps strung in the blue-stem grass I heard songs from God. And Love had songs repeated them.

When families came from the east—boys and girls—I turned to meet them; lonely had been the west to the orphan till that time when they came, but I am glad of it—for now I know; alone on the naked bosom of nature I learned to know.

I am going to leave you for a little now but I will come again—with that Nature involved as Nature became the vestitura, tinseled, of man.

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